THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A FAREWELL TO THE COUNTRY.

Why is the day so glorious,
The sky so blue and clear?
Is it that on the morrow
We shall be gone from here,
To look no more on these green fields,
Until another year?

The last flowers of the garden
Have never seemed more bright,
The golden tints of autumn
More brilliant to the sight;
Was never day more fair to see,
And never clearer night.

Why is it that whenever
We leave some much-loved scene,
Old Mother Nature weareth,
In spring, her brightest green;
Or if in autumn, garment done
Of some most gorgeous sheen?

The southwind sigheth answer:
"Our mother, she is dressed
In bronze and gold and scarlet,
Her brightest robes and best,
To do all honor to a friend,
And speed the parting guest.

But after thy departure
Her dewy tears shall fall,
Her robes with frost be blackened,
Her blossoms faded all,
Because that one who loves her so
Is gone beyond her call."

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

Winter has come and gone, and it is Spring. The grass is green upon her father's grave, and his memory has faded away wholly, save from one loving heart. It is warm enough slowly to and fro to pace the tiny terrace of "The Brae," or sitting in the harbor, book in hand, to let it idly fall upon the lap, and watch the red-sailed fishing-boats putting out to sea with the flood, or the carts with their freights of cockles, crossing the *eau* to their work upon the sands, with the ebb. In the morning, Agnes sits there before she sets forth upon her ministrations among the poor or the sick, and those (saddest of all human wayfarers) who are at once both sick and poor; and in the evening, when her labor of love is over.

It is morning now; the beginning of a bright and cheerful May day, with a wind that has lost the sting of March, not keen, yet blowing free. The air is clear, and objects can be seen afar which are often hidden by the hazy veil of Summer. The tide is running out like a mill-race. If yonder fishermen, who have been fishing beyond Greycrags, be not wary, there is danger that their boat will be left aground. Agnes knows this from long acquaintance with the treacherous bay, as well as from her constant watching of the sands and the sea during these latter months. She knows, too, the men who are in the boats; they are the Millets, father and son. If old Stephen (not improved in morals, poor fellow, although still proposing to be so—ashamed, but not reformed) were alone yonder, she would be alarmed for his safety; but William is with him, agile, sagacious, cool. Still, why do they delay? By the line of sea wall that is showing on the island, by the dark crests of rock that are rising here and there out of the yellow foam, she knows that they have already lingered longer than is prudent. True, the head of their boat is pointing seaward, but they are not yet in the main current, and their progress is very slow—slower than it ought to be, considering that one has the oars out, and the other is pushing his hardest with the punt pole. She makes out so much through a little telescope; but she cannot make out what is the dark object they are towing astern, and which impedes their movements. She is not afraid, as one only acquainted with the dangers of the bay and not with its peculiarities, might be, of its being a drowned man. Such are rarely found in the locality in question, and never until the tide has retired. By great exertions, and with frequent and inexplicable changes of their course, the boat is at last got into the main stream, and hurries towards the village fast enough; the sole difficulty now lies in stopping it at what is called, by courtesy, the landing-place—a few narrow yards of planks laid upon a bed of shining ooze. Now, she can make out what it is they have behind them; it is a horse, fastened to the boat's stern by a bridle.

Agnes threw down her book, and hastened through the little garden to the landing-place. Some accident must have certainly happened when a saddle-horse is found in that terrible bay; it is not long before they find the rider. Her mind at once reverted to Red Berild, and to him with whom it was so often occupied, his master; but John Carlyon and his steed were far away, she knew. Whose horse was this, then, exhausted, half-dead, hurried along by the rapid stream without any motion of its own, and at times half-rolling over, so as to show its girths, as though it were dead indeed? In a village like Mellor, one knows not only each inhabitant, but every horse and dog, yet she did not recognize this horse. Without wasting time in questions, however, she stood ready, as the fishing smack drew near, to seize the boat-hook which William Millet was holding out, for there was nobody but herself at "the point," as this place was called, where a jut of land turned the main course of the *eau* and formed a little bay behind it. Into this bay the boat was drawn, with the poor animal towing behind it—a small, black mare, with heaving flanks, and frightened eyes, who could scarcely keep her feet in the shallow water, although the sand beneath was tolerably firm.

"A bad business, miss, I fear," observed William, when they were safe in port."

Old Stephen, to whom, probably, conversing upon such a subject with Agnes was personally distasteful, contented himself with touching his cap, and shaking his head.

"Where was it found?" asked she. "Poor creature, how it shivers!"

"Under the lee of the island, miss. A game little thing is that mare; she must have been in the water these four hours, swimming round and round, and round and round, with not an inch of firm ground for her feet."

"And the rider, William?"

"The Lord have mercy on him, whoever he be," answered the young man, reverently.

"You don't know, then, to whom the horse belongs?"

"Yes, I do, miss. But it may not have been the owner who was upon her, you see. Heaven forbid that it should have been."

"Why do you say that, William?"

"Well, miss, we're none of us fit, but Mr. Scrivens, he never loved God's people, and was a hard man to the poor."

"Hush, William; do not say things like that. We are no man's judges. Is it Mr. Scrivens's horse?"

Two or three men had gathered together at the landing-place by this time, and were helping with the boat; one of them, the ostler at the Mellor Arms, here interposed.

"No, miss," said he "it's wus than Lawyer Scrivens, or at least it comes nigher to Mellor. That's Mr. Jedediah's horse."

"What, Mrs. Newman's son?"

"Yes, miss. He bought this mare of Mr. Scrivens only three days ago. I saw him cross the sands upon her yesterday, and spoke with him; he said he should not be back last night, for that there would not be time. He must have tried to come back, poor lad, and so been drownded."

Agnes turned deadly pale, and grasped the handrail of the little wooden pier; her limbs trembled beneath her.

"What is to be done, William?"

"I must get a horse and search the sands, miss, and you must go up to the Priory as was, and break it to his mother."

CHAPTER XXV.

MY JED.

That would have been a terrible office for any woman, no matter of how dutiful a spirit, which William Millet laid upon Agnes Crawford, when he said "You must go up and break it to her"—the almost certain death of her only son, to a doting mother; but it was far worse for Agnes than for anyone else. Mrs. Newman and herself had never met since that angry parting at Greycrags, months ago, and she knew that Carlyon's sister had not grown less bitter against her in the meantime. It was impossible for Agnes, because, contrary to her nature, to shrink from any duty, but it was no wonder that in such a case, she should procrastinate.

"We cannot be sure, William," said she, meekly, "that this awful catastrophe has happened. We do not know for certain that anyone is drowned, and far less who it is."

William shook his head, and answered, quietly,

"Very good, Miss Agnes. As soon as the tide runs out, I will take horse and search the sands."

"This here mare won't be fit to carry a man within this twelve hours," observed the ostler; "even if she gets over this at all. A nice bit of blood, too, she is; and a pretty price, I'll answer for it, poor Mr. Jedediah paid for her.

Poor Mr. Jedediah. How that word shot through Agnes Crawford's heart. She knew the young man by report only too well; knew of his evil doings amongst her own little flock; a wolf, he had been, to more than one pretty lamb. And, lo, he was now cut off in the midst of his sins!

"What horse have you up at the inn, Jim?" asked old Stephen.

"Not one," returned the ostler. "The grays are gone to a wedding out Northbrook way, and a gent, as come to our house last night, has just taken out the strawberry mare, meaning to call at Woodlees on his way home. I believe he wants to buy Squire Carlyon's house."

Marrying and buying, how the world runs on, though death is ever so busy amongst it! thought Agnes.

"Is there no other horse?"

"None as I knows of, ma'am; no, not one in the village, except—" and the ostler hesitated and looked at William.

"Then it's all the more necessary, Miss Agnes," said the latter, interpreting his glance, "that you should see Mistress Newman quickly. It's Mr. Jedediah's own horse as is wanted; there's none else. I am sorry to put such a burden on you, Miss Agnes, but you must ask her to lend him to me, you must indeed."

"Ask for her son's horse to search for his dead body! I cannot do it!" exclaimed Agnes wringing her hands.

"You need not say it's her son as is lost, miss," observed old Stephen, cunningly. "You can say as *somebody's* a missing; there will be no lie in that, for, as you were saying, it *may* not be Mr. Jedediah after all."

The children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light; and the old man's proposition was welcome to Agnes by comparison with the unrelenting straight-forwardness of his son; it put off the evil moment, and even afforded some flicker of hope.

"I will go at once," said she, quietly. "You will come with me, William?"

"Certainly, miss. You see," continued he, as they left the landing and took the road together towards the priory, "that I couldn't go myself to Mistress Newman's. I am *out of her favor*, although through no fault of mine. I thought it was only right to tell her something the other day, respecting—something about her son, as it was her part to look to; and she was very angry, very. Therefore, she might think (which Heaven forbid,) that I brought this sad news to her in the way of a judgment like. You, who have never given her offence, and are a lady like herself, are much more fit to tell her."

"I see, William, I see," answered Agnes, mechanically. Her brain was busy with what she should say to this unhappy woman, not dreaming of the desolation that had befallen her, filled with petty thoughts, and probably even hostile and aggressive towards herself. What *should* she say?

Up the hill, and beside the ivied wall to the gate of the old house, which everybody, save its tenant, still called the Priory. It was getting very near now, that terrible interview; and nothing had been given her to speak. The page looked astonished when he opened the door; perhaps because she was a stranger to the house, perhaps because, of her companion, William. On either supposition it was natural enough, and yet it seemed to add to her discomposure.

"I wish to see Mrs. Newman."

The boy lingered, as though some explanation were necessary; very likely he surmised that something was wrong; "on very particular business," added she. He led the way at once upstairs; she did not notice that he gave William a sign to remain below; she had counted upon his presence and support, but she was ushered in alone.

Mrs. Newman, early as it was, had already breakfasted, and was seated at a window of the drawing-room, from which she had doubtless watched her approach; she rose and gave a cold and haughty bow. The room was cold and without fire; the atmosphere and the frigidity of her reception combined to chill the unhappy visitor. Mrs. Newman was the first to speak.

"To what am I indebted for the unexpected honor of a visit from Miss Crawford?" The tone was studiously constrained, but there was no mistaking the expression of the speaker's face. It was the very concentration of rage and loathing.

"I come, dear madam—"

"Spare the 'dear,'" interrupted Mrs. Newman, harshly. "Pray avoid all unnecessary hypocrisies; I assure you that no words you can make use of will impose upon me."

"I have no wish to impose upon you, madam. I come as a Christian woman in the cause of charity, just as I would come to any one else."

"Thank you. I have my own poor to attend to; and all that I have to give away has been given. I am not so rich as some folks, and have no such expectations, but I do my best."

"God forbid, madam! that it should not be so, or that I should doubt it; but you misunderstand me."

"Indeed! I only drew my conclusions from the person who accompanied you. An impudent, low-bred fellow, who has himself insulted, although he has not injured me as you have."

"I, madam?"

"Oh, you have a very innocent face, but it does not hide your scheming heart from me, young lady. And let me tell you this—in order that you may not stay here from the idea of your being welcome—that I hate the very sight of you. You are the vilest and wickedest girl I know—there is not a bussy in the parish—"

"Mrs. Newman," interposed Agnes, in a trembling voice, "there is a man drowned in the bay, and I want your horse—the loan of your son's horse—in order that William Millet may search the sands for the dead body."

"There are horses at the inn, which you may hire, for you have plenty of money now, I make no doubt. Let the backbiting, impertinent knave, who seems to be your friend, take one of those. I will not lend him—him, least of all people—my dear son's horse. Jedediah is very particular about his horses."

"Those at the inn are all engaged, madam. Pray lend it."

"I will not. Is there anything else that you have come here for? If not, you have your answer."

"Oh, Mrs. Newman, pray forget that it is I who ask you, and lend William your horse. You will be sorry for it, else, some day, you will, indeed. Think of the father, or the mother, who may be awaiting the return of this lost man, and in vain—"

"Yes, or the lover," interposed Mrs. Newman, scornfully. "The young woman that adores him, but who will be comforted a little, perhaps, if he has left her all his money. You feign astonishment, Miss Crawford, remarkably well. Do you mean to tell me"—here her voice rose to a shrill scream—"that you do not know that my brother, John Carlyon, has left you—you, you minx—doubtless for value received—all his money? has beggared his natural heirs for your sweet sake? Do you dare to tell me that you do not know that?"

"God is my witness, Mrs. Newman, that I have never heard one whisper of this thing before."

"Well, then, you hear it now, let us suppose, for the first time; mind, I say, let us suppose? Do not imagine that you will hoodwink me any more. Months ago, I confess, when I taunted you with some such design, though not one half so bad and base as what you have effected, your pretended indignation almost imposed upon me. I was nearly regretting having called you husband-hunter, fortune-seeker; but I am not to be deceived now. However, supposing you hear for the first time of the disposition that this man has chosen to make of all his fortune—save a beggarly five hundred pounds left to my son—what is your opinion as to its character? Is it just? Come, though I am speaking of your lover, and you who profit by his insane doting, is it honest?"

"Mrs. Newman, if what you say be true, I am as astonished as yourself, and almost as sorry."

"Are you ashamed, miss?"

"Yes. Ashamed to have been the involuntary cause of warping a just man's judgment."

"But when he is dead, and you get the money, you will keep it?"

"Not an hour—not a moment. I would not touch one shilling. So soon as the lawyers can do it, you will have every penny paid over to you, as though it had come to you directly, and all I shall ask in return will be that you forgive your brother."

"Come here, girl; more to the light, that I may see your face. Is it possible that you speak the truth?"

"God knows, madam."

So quiet, so gentle of speech, and the fair face so grave and peaceful, as it looked up at the morning sky, not even a miser could doubt her.

"Agnes Crawford, I do believe you."

"I hope so, madam, else you do me wrong indeed."

"Stop, girl," cried Mrs. Newman, with a suspicious glance; "the way that we find out whether persons are really sorry who have committed theft—not that I call you a thief, although my brother's will is robbery—the test of sincerity, I say, is restitution. You promise to restore what you may come by, but will you set that promise down in writing?"

"Very gladly, madam. Write any form of words down which you please, and I will sign it now, at once. Or get a lawyer to do so, if law there be for such a thing. In any case it will be some hold upon even the most shameless to have her written words to hold up against her, and that hold you shall have."

"Good; you do your best, though only what is right, girl," said Mrs. Newman, sitting down, pen in hand. "You have behaved like a lady and a Christian woman. You will understand that for myself I am quite content with your word. If it were only *I* concerned in the matter, it should rest here. But the interests of my son are bound up with mine. To me, an old woman, and given, I trust, but little to the world's vanities, money is nothing; but my Jedediah—he, dear boy, is on the threshold of life. I should like to see him settled well before I die; married, perhaps, to some good girl like yourself—for I believe you to be good, I do indeed—and living on the old estate. He is a fine lad, and loves his mother; you must not listen to what some folks say against him."

"The horse, dear madam. You will let William have the horse?"

"Certainly; I will ring the bell and give orders." Here she did so. "He must be very careful with it, however, for it is Jed's favorite. The other, upon which he rode to Castleton yesterday, is a new purchase, Mr. Scrivens—" Mrs. Newman blushed and hesitated. The fact was that, so desirous had she been to get the truth concerning her brother's will out of the lawyer, that she had given a large sum for the animal solely to loosen Mr. Scrivens's tongue; and in this she had succeeded. Never was such bad news bought at so high a price. However, all was well now.

"It was a black horse, was it not?" asked Agnes, very gravely.

"Yes, dear. Did you see it? How well Jed rides, and how well he looks on horseback; don't you think so? You have not seen him lately, perhaps; let me see, in three hours' time—he would be here for lunch, he said—he will be coming home. The tide has almost run down." There was a clatter of horse-hoofs in the road, and Mrs. Newman flew to the window. "How stupid of me," said she, with disappointment; "of course it couldn't be Jed. There goes William Millet on the gray, and I hope he will be very careful. I don't know how I should look Jed in the face, if anything— What's the matter, Miss Crawford? What's the matter, Agnes?"

"Nothing: at least it may be nothing; but, dear Mrs. Newman, I have bad news for you."

"What—what?" interrupted the other, seizing her by the arm. "My brother is dead: say it is that. Say anything, but—It's not my Jed. No, no, it's not; it cannot be my Jed."

"Let us hope, let us pray, for the best, dear lady. But it was the black horse—your son's horse—that was found in the bay this morning with saddle and bridle on him, but without a rider."

The pen fell from Mrs. Newman's fingers; her face stiffened; her eyes gazed upon Agnes in a sort of stupefied wonder. The sorrow was too great for the poor soul to realize. "Let us go," murmured she, "up to my room. Help me up to my room."

Agnes knew what she meant; her bedroom was on the floor above, and commanded from its window a wide sweep of the bay, now getting bare and brown. So, leaning heavily on the young girl's arm, Mrs. Newman made her way upstairs, trembling in every limb, and murmuring to herself, with a pathos beyond all tears or moans, "My Jed—my Jed!"

The two women took their seats at the window, watching the wide waste of sand growing and growing with the out-going tide, while the sense of desolation grew and grew in the widow's heart. Her lips had ceased to move, but ever and anon she returned the gentle pressure of the young girl's hand with a sharp grip. Her eyes followed everywhere the movements of a dark and distant speck, that was a man and horse, moving so swiftly, that it seemed to flit over the sands. As the day went on, the usual busy scene began to present itself in the wave-deserted bay, but the women's eyes never wandered elsewhere. Suddenly they lost sight of this object of their anxious gaze.

"I don't see him, Agnes," exclaimed the elder lady, hurriedly. "I don't see William Millet. Oh, where is he?"

"He is behind the island, dear Mrs. Newman." Another clasp of the hand was her reply. Minutes went by, that seemed hours; then other tiny specks, that were cocklers, seemed to make towards the island, and disappeared behind it. There was evidently something unusual thereabouts that was attracting them. Presently all emerged together—quite a thick black block—round the rocky promontory of the little isle, and moved towards the village, very slowly—like a funeral.

"Shall I go and meet them?" asked Agnes, tenderly; for her companion's suspense seemed to be growing insupportable.

"No, no; I shall know it soon enough—soon enough. I am not childless yet, Agnes—not my Jed, oh, God, not my Jed!"

But it was her Jed, poor soul! William had found the body of the unfortunate lad upon a spit of sand, quite near the island, but separated from it by what was in flood-time a raging river. He was lying upon his back, with his handsome face very pale and quiet, looking up at the sky, and the water (a usual sight in such cases) coming out of his mouth, as one who saw him said, "like barm."

Jedediah had attempted, it seems, being somewhat in liquor, to cross the sands the night before, dangerously late, in respect to the tide, yet not so much so, but that one well mounted, and who knew the road so well as he, might have effected the passage. But his new purchase, the black mare, unaccustomed to the unstable track, it was supposed grew restive, and carrying him

much eastward of the proper course, there threw and drowned him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Boston Seventy-Five Years Ago.

We make the following interesting extract from the "Life of Josiah Quincy," just published by Ticknor & Fields. It is a picture of Boston and its society in 1793:—

Boston, though the second town in importance in the United States, contained but eighteen thousand inhabitants. It was full of "garden-houses," such as lingered in London as late as Milton's time, and in one of which he once lived. Many of its streets—Pearl street was one of them—resembled those of a flourishing country-town rather than of the capital of a sovereign state. Cows were pastured, long since this century came in, where the thick houses of a dense population now crowd one another for room. Boys played ball in the streets without disturbance, or danger from the rush of traffic. The Common was then, and for a quarter of a century later, properly and technically "a common," upon which every inhabitant had the right of pasturing his cow. These "milky mothers," indeed, were very prominent members of society at that time, and for long afterwards, and had or took the freedom of the city with a perfect self-complacency, perambulating the streets at their own free will and pleasure. The same privileges and immunities were enjoyed by them in Boston that were extended then, and until within my own observation, in New York, to less pastoral and uncleaner beasts. Those were days of small things and slow communications. The American cities and communities were then individual and distinct in their characteristics, to a degree scarcely conceivable in these days of multiplied population and universal travel. A journey to New York, then a small city of thirty thousand souls, was a much rarer event in life then than a voyage to Europe now. It took nearly as long, and was attended with greater danger and discomfort. Two stage-coaches and twelve horses sufficed for the travel between the two chief commercial places on the continent in 1790, and the journey consumed a week. The visits of strangers were rare events, and always the occasion of general and eager hospitality. The Boston of that day was a pleasant place to live in. It was well recovered from the financial embarrassments which accompanied and followed the Revolutionary war; and the revival of commerce, and the opening of fields to the enterprise of the merchants, closed against them in the days of colonial dependence, were the cause of a great and growing prosperity.

The intercourse of the cultivated society for which Boston was distinguished was conducted on simple and easy terms. The hours were early. Private parties were elegant, according to the style of the time, but infrequent in comparison with friendly gatherings of a more informal and unceremonious kind. Public assemblies collected the principal inhabitants once a fortnight in Concert Hall, where the minuet and country-dance yet held their own against revolutionary innovations. Solemn dinner-parties, after English fashion, were of common occurrence, often long protracted over the discussion of politics, and of the rare growths of Madeira, then the favorite wine, and, indeed, almost the only one in use. My father's account of one of these entertainments may be worth preserving. He was probably by a good many years the last survivor of the hundreds, not to say thousands, of guests that Hancock used to entertain with profuse hospitality. The historical house in which the famous Governor lived and died, the last of the Revolutionary period, just ruthlessly swept away, though of fair proportions, had no dining-room sufficient for his hospitable occasions as originally built. So he had a banqueting-room, taken down many years ago, built out on the north side of the house, extending towards what is now the State-House yard. My father had invited Governor Hancock to the entertainment he had given at Cambridge on Commencement Day, on the occasion of his graduation; and in return he was invited, though so young a man, to dine with his excellency. The party consisted of not less than fifty or sixty persons, and the dinner and its appointments were in keeping with the rank and fortune of the host. He, however, did not sit at meat with his guests, but dined at a small table by himself, in a wheel-chair, his legs swathed in flannel. He was a martyr to the gout, of which circumstance he made an excuse for doing as he pleased in political as well as social life. Thus, when the adoption of the Federal Constitution hung doubtful in the balance in the Massachusetts Convention of 1788, the gout was made the convenient reason for his staying away, until he was made to see that his indecision must cease, and he interpose, to secure the ratification. My father was in the gallery of the Old South Church at the time, and used to describe how Hancock, wrapt in flannels, was borne in men's arms up the broad aisle, when he made the speech which caused the Constitution to be accepted by nineteen majority. On the occasion with which we have now to do, when the Governor had despatched the frugal repast to which his infirmities condemned him, he wheeled himself about the general table to pay personal attention to his guests, and to take part in the conversation. While thus engaged, and when the animation of the company was at its loudest, it was interrupted by a fearful crash. A servant, in removing a cut-glass *epergne*, which was the central ornament of the table, let it fall, and it was dashed into a thousand pieces. An awkward silence fell upon the company, when Hancock, with the presence of mind of true good-breeding, relieved their embarrassment by exclaiming, good-naturedly, "James, break as much as you please, but don't make such a confounded noise about it!" And under the cover of the laugh thus raised the fragments were removed, and the talk went on as if nothing had happened.

☞ It is said that the Constitutional Convention of New York is full of talented men—full to overflowing; and that the only thing the Convention lacks is "sense." But that seems to be a common want in the leaders of all political parties now-a-days.

☞ Dr. Hall, while in the North Pole regions, dines on nine pounds of frozen meat to keep him warm.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT'R 26, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

THE SEWERAGE OF CITIES.

This is one of the most difficult matters to manage that civilization has to cope with. The old plan of cess-pools is an abomination, and that of draining into the rivers is not much better—polluting the rivers, and wasting the most concentrated of manures. Captain Liernurs, an European engineer, has elaborated a plan as follows:—

"He proposes glazed porcelain closets or hoppers, and pipes in the house, cast-iron drain pipes in the ground, with gateways under the side-walks, and boiler iron receivers, for the daily discharge of say 100 families. Every night, or every other, a steam air pump creates a vacuum in the reservoir, the gates are then opened, and everything in the drains drawn off by the force of thirty hurricanes, next a pump removes the contents of the reservoir to close barrels with air-tight stoppers, and on the morrow by road, rail, or canal carriage, the manure is decanted into the farmer's sub-soil. Three men, a horse, and a steam carriage, tender, &c., are able to empty several of the reservoirs each night. No smell escapes. No houses or yards are entered, no families are disturbed, and in twenty-four hours this invaluable guano is buried for next year's use. Mr. Krepp estimates the value of the sewerage at say $2.50 per head, while the crops to be expected in return are ten times more valuable."

This all reads very well on paper, but we doubt whether offensive odors could be avoided in removing the contents of the reservoirs, quite so readily in practice. We never knew an instance where it was attempted to apply directly night soil to the land as manure, without the country around for a considerable distance being well aware of the fact. The best plan, we should think, would be to haul or ship the contents of the reservoirs to some isolated place—an island for instance—and there deodorize the sewerage, and haul or ship it to the places it is wanted for manure.

THE OPERA.

A letter from New York says:—

"The Italian opera is not doing well. Unless there is a change for the better, it is not improbable that Mr. Maretzek may have to close the season prematurely, in order to save himself. The high prices, no doubt, are a drawback; still, it reflects but little credit on the musical taste of the community that the situation should be so discouraging. At the performance in Brooklyn, the other evening, there were but 500 people in the house, all told."

We think it proves the community are becoming sensible. What could be more ridiculous than the prices that are asked by opera singers and celebrated actors? They are paid out of all proportion to the sums realized in nobler professions. They charge exorbitantly, and then the manager must charge an exorbitant price for admission, in order to recompense himself. To say that Fashion sanctions it, is simply to say that the leaders of the fashionable world are generally fools—rich fools, of course. If the fashionable world would refuse to pay such prices, the "stars" would have to be content with more reasonable remuneration, and the opera would not be such an expensive luxury.

POLITICAL SPEAKERS.

In listening to or reading the speeches made at political meetings, there is one thing that strikes us—that the speeches which meet with the wildest applause, are precisely the ones that are apt to lose a party the election. Where parties are prettily evenly balanced, the result is apt to be determined by a number of quiet, moderate men, who hold the balance of power. Now the speakers that are most applauded at political meetings, are generally those who say the severest and bitterest things of their opponents, and take the most ultra party grounds. But these are the very speakers who disgust and alarm the moderate class of voters to whom we have referred. Such a speaker goes through the country, lightening and thundering, and his party think the result will be a great increase in their vote; but election day comes, and the next morning tells a very different story. The most effective campaign speakers will generally be found to be eloquent but moderate men, who speak with the purpose of convincing their opponents, not inflaming their own partisans, and who show a decent respect for the principles, and even the prejudices of those who are arrayed against them.

OCTOBER.

The year has reached its perfection; October, that month of months, is here again. The air is pure and bracing, and we take it in with as much relish as the thirsty traveller does a draught of cold water on a hot day. It gives us new life and energy, and we feel ready for almost anything. In such an atmosphere it is a pleasure to breathe.

The products of the summer are all collected and laid away; even its sunshine seems to be stored up in the myriads of glowing leaves which color the forests. How beautiful they are, these autumn leaves! you almost wish they could always remain so; but the most brilliant things are those which perish the quickest, and soon the rich, varied colors will have faded away, and the winter winds will be whirling and tossing about the withered remains of what were once so lovely. It seems a pity that it should be this way, but we would not enjoy the autumn half as much as we do if we had its beauties with us always.

But see what a gorgeous sunset! It seems as if the sun had not had chance to show all his splendor during the summer; he is pressed for want of time, for the winter is approaching, and he crowds the glories of days into one short hour.

As we walk home we find that the days are growing shorter, it gets dark before we are aware, and the stars are soon shining where the sun so lately filled the sky with his brightness.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SOUND. A Course of Eight Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By JOHN TYNDALL, LL. D., F. R. S., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution and in the Royal School of Mines. These lectures are designed as well for those who do not, as for those who do possess special scientific culture; and may be taken as the last word of science upon the important subject treated of. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

THE STARRY FLAG; OR, THE YOUNG FISHERMAN OF CAPE ANN. By OLIVER OPTIC, author of "Army and Navy Stories," &c. "Oliver Optic," judging from the sensation his books make in our own family circle of young people, is a capital story-writer for the juveniles, and we suppose this book is at least of equal merit to his former productions. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by C. W. Pitcher, Phila.

JACK OF ALL TRADES. By Mrs. ROSA ABBOTT PARKER. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by C. W. Pitcher, Phila.

Mrs. Lincoln.

A lady, in writing to the Chicago Tribune, deprecating the severity of the press toward Mrs. Lincoln, says that she is entitled to the indulgence recently and universally exhibited toward the Empress Carlotta. The writer says:—

"Many who have known Mrs. Lincoln for years have for a long time unhesitatingly affirmed that her mind was wrecked, and that an insane asylum must be eventually her home. The evidence of her insanity, in a thousand ways, are not wanting."

Mr. Brady, agent for Mrs. Lincoln, has received authority from her to open a subscription for her benefit, in lieu of selling her goods. In the letter preferring this request, Mrs. Lincoln expresses a disinclination to have her clothing and jewelry sold at public auction. She expresses her belief that she has friends who will contribute a sufficient sum to enable her to live in circumstances becoming her former position. All that she desires is that she may receive an income sufficient to enable her to travel from place to place, and to carry a maid with her.

The inventory of President Lincoln, filed by one of his executors, Judge Davis, has been brought to light. Judge Davis gives a schedule of all the personal and real estate owned by the ex-President, which amounts to nearly $85,000. To this sum the twenty-five thousand dollars appropriated by Congress should be added, and the public will see how much money Mrs. Lincoln has to rely upon. Of the eighty-five thousand mentioned above nearly sixty thousand dollars were in Government bonds. If Mr. Lincoln died intestate, however, Mrs. Lincoln is only entitled to her third of the estate.

Ascending Mont Blanc.

A St. Louis gentleman, Mr. S. H. Leathe, has this year ascended to the top of Mont Blanc. He was two days in accomplishing the feat, having been driven back the first day to a point half way up the mountain by a blinding snowstorm. He thus describes his sensations when on the topmost peak:

"My first feeling was disappointment that it was not higher. I had not realized we were so near the top until within ten steps of the highest point. I stood for a few minutes gazing at the magnificent view spread out on all sides. All fatigue was forgotten in the excitement; in fact, I never felt better in my life; never cheered louder or jumped higher. If there had been a good hotel, should probably have remained for the season. The day was glorious; bright sunshine without a cloud, except low down in the valleys. On the Swiss side the view is uninterrupted from the Mediterranean to the Rhine, embracing all the Swiss and Italian mountains, with lakes and rivers. None of my guides had ever seen so fine a view from the summit. The wind was bitter cold and fearfully strong. Two of my guides suffered fearfully from the cold. One had two fingers frozen, and another was as black in the face as a negro. The blood seemed ready to burst through the pores of the skin. We stepped down a few paces under shelter, and the guides removed their packs to prepare a lunch, but found everything frozen solid except a bottle of brandy and a flask of sherry. Claret and champagne were so frozen that we were obliged to break the bottles and eat the wine. I had intended making a sherry cobbler at the summit, but the water and lemons refused to 'cobble,' and I drank the sherry without them. A bottle of coffee, which one of my guides carried for me in a pocket next his breast, was frozen solid. Pretty cold weather for the season, July 20th. Wonder what it is in January!"

PAUL WEBER.—Many of our readers will be interested to learn that Paul Weber, whose pictures are so familiar here, and who was compelled, under medical advice, to leave this country for Europe, has fully recovered his health, is hard at work again, and hopes to be able to return at no distant day to his adopted country and home in Philadelphia. He has been selected as the teacher of the Princess Alice (daughter of Queen Victoria,) who is a great lover of art, and displays much talent.

☞ Wife and I were looking at some pictures in which some little naked angels were quite conspicuous. She called the attention of our wee daughter to them, and remarked, "Lizzie, dear, if you are a good girl and go to heaven, you will be like these angels." Lizzie looked up, with a lip that told at once she didn't appreciate the promise, and said, "I want to be better dressed than that when I go to heaven."

☞ One of the saloons in Nashville, Tenn., employs a hack to carry off its customers as fast as they become intoxicated. No fare is required, and the happy beings are insured against the police and the workhouse.

Important Railway Reforms.

To our neighbor state, New Jersey, the general public will probably be indebted for a system of railroad reform more thorough and beneficial than any yet attempted in the United States. The subject was considered at a recent meeting of representative men from the various railway and transportation companies of the state, and it is understood that an agreement was arrived at upon a number of important principles, on which to base the proposed system. *First*, the fare is to be two cents per mile on all roads and for all distances. This is the rate on all the great routes through New York state. From New York city to Buffalo, about 450 miles, the fare is $9; from Albany to Buffalo, 300 miles, it is $6, and so for any intermediate distance. It is on this account that Philadelphians are induced to go through New York city to Buffalo or the Falls, rather than by the direct route through Northern Pennsylvania, which is about 100 miles shorter in distance and should be at least $3 less in price. The two cent rate is ample on all great thoroughfares. Low rates are sure to enlarge travel to an extent that will more than compensate for the reduction. *Second*, tickets are to be considered *good* on *any train* belonging to the line that issues them until they have been taken up by the conductor. This is simply in conformity to the law as declared by every court in which the point has been contested, and the railroad managers do well to recognize it, and conform to it. *Third*, local commutation tickets, at low rates, will be issued, and every other inducement to encourage local travel, traffic and improvement will be extended. There can be no railroad policy more wise and beautiful than this. It is not only the parent of great improvements and rapid settlement, but it is sure, in the long run, to enrich the railroad company that consistently carries it out. Numerous instances might be given in proof of this, but there is a conspicuous instance in one of the richest railway companies of Illinois. It is a "through line," yet its *local* trade yields no less than *ninety-five* per cent. of its gross receipts. *Fourth*, persons along the line and elsewhere are to be encouraged to undertake a produce commission business, that will bring the farmers and the consumers closer together, so as to avoid the extortions of several classes of middle men. This is important to every person in Philadelphia, as well as to the farmers. Of the high charges paid by consumers for all kinds of farm produce, it is rare that so much as one-half goes to the farmer, the other half being absorbed in the immense profits of the middle men. We could give instances in which housekeepers pay three, four and five times as much for the commonest vegetables as the middle men pay to the farmers. The proposed plan of the Jersey railway companies is designed to abolish these excessive charges. *Fifth*, an effort is to be made to abolish what these companies call the "Express nuisance," and to adopt in its stead the system of "parcels delivery" in use on the English railways. In this the companies will be doing no more than what both duty and sound policy have long since indicated. The railway companies which furnish the transportation for this whole class of business, should be in every sense "carriers" of every package to its destination, bearing the responsibility and reaping the profit. When such a system shall be universally adopted it will not only lessen the expenses for the transportation of light packages, but will add largely to the profits of stockholders. The *sixth*, *seventh* and *eighth* points refer to kindred facilities to be extended, and similar advantages to be gained in the transportation of freight and the encouragement of local traffic and improvement. *Ninth*—"No further attempts are to be made to control the action of the state Legislature." This is highly important, if carried out in both spirit and letter. There has been no more fruitful cause of the corruption and demoralization of state Legislatures than the evil just mentioned. Even granting that what the railway companies demand from the Legislatures may be just in itself, still the means too often employed are highly censurable, and give unscrupulous men in and about those bodies the opportunity and the pretext to levy "black mail" on others, and to "log roll" many objectionable measures through their Houses that would never succeed under other circumstances. Every citizen is interested in honest legislation, and should give his word of encouragement to this branch of the reform. When there is no more money to be made out of railroad and other corporations and individuals asking for special legislation, the class of corrupt men who are now so eager to go to Trenton, Albany and Harrisburg, will be displaced by a much better set of men.

Exercise and its Effects.

Mr. Archibald Maclaren, in a volume called "Training, its Theory and Practice," speaks of the immediate effects of exercise on the muscles most actively engaged at the time. He found the law of development strongly demonstrated in a long pedestrian tour, extending over nearly four months, in which the average per day on foot exceeded nine hours, and usually with a knapsack weighing twelve pounds. During this time the chest fell from 41 to 38½ inches in circumference; the upper arm from 14½ to 13⅞; the lower arm remaining unchanged at 12½ inches. The lower limbs, on the contrary, were greatly increased, the calf of the leg passing from 16 to 17½ inches; and the thigh from 23½ to 25 inches. Other recorded examples to the same purport are seen in the great development of the legs of dancers, and the arms of blacksmiths, etc.—[These facts show the necessity of exercising *all* portions of the body—arms and chest, as well as legs and thighs.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

☞ The Pacific Railroad Directors, it is reported, have resolved to use petroleum as a fuel for their locomotives. The coal discoveries reported on the line of that road may be exaggerated; but even if correct, it will require time to work them properly, and a settlement of the Indian troubles, so that mining operations will be safe. It is represented that the locomotive can carry sufficient petroleum, without infringing on the room necessary for freight and passengers, to keep up steam for a run of a thousand miles.

THE FIRE ON THE HEARTH.

BY MRS. FRANCES DANA GAGE.

There is a luxury rare in the carpet of Brussels,
And splendor in pictures that hang on the wall,
And grace in the curtain, with rainbow-hued tassels,
And brilliance in gas-light, that flashes o'er all;
But give me the glow of the bright-blazing fire,
That sparkles and snaps as it echoes your mirth,
And leaps, in its joy, up the chimney still higher,
When the cold winds without make us draw near the hearth;
The old-fashioned fire, the cheerful wood fire,
The maple-wood fire that burns on the hearth.

As I feel its warm glow, I remember my childhood,
And the circle of loved ones that drew round our board;
The winter eve sports, with the nuts from the wildwood,
The apples and cider from cellars well stored;
I hear in its roar the wild shouts of my brothers,
And the laugh of my sisters, in innocent mirth,
And the voice of my sire, as he reads to my mother,
Who knits by the firelight that glows from the hearth;
The old open fire, the health-giving fire,
The home-cheering fire that glows on the hearth.

Like the strong and true-hearted, it warms its surroundings,
The jamb and the mantle, the hearth-stone and wall,
And over the household gives out its aboundings,
Till a rose-tinted radiance is spread over all.
If you lay on the fuel, it ever burns brightly,
Till the day's work is done, and we lay by our mirth;
Then we gather the embers and bury them lightly,
At morn to renew the fresh fire on the hearth—
The old-fashioned fire, the life-giving fire,
The broad-glowing fire that burns on the hearth.

It reminds us of friends that we draw to the nearer,
When winds of misfortune blow heavy and chill,
And feel with each blast, they are warmer and dearer,
And ready to help us and comfort us still—
Friends that never grow cold till the long day is ended,
And the ashes are laid to their rest in the earth,
And the spirit, still glowing, to God hath ascended,
To rekindle new fires, like the coal on the hearth;
Then give me the fire, the fresh-glowing fire,
The bright open fire that burns on the hearth.

You will tell me a *stove* heats a room in a minute,
Expels the cold air, and I know it is so;
But open a door, is there anything in it?—
Your warmth is all gone—there's not even a glow;
Just like modern friends, one is every day meeting,
All professions and smiles, as the impulse gives birth,
But as black and as cold, at the next hour of greeting,
As your stove that has banished the fire from the hearth;
Then give me the fire, the old-fashioned fire,
The bright-glowing fire, that burns on the hearth.

Rats.

There were no rats in California before the gold discoveries. Then—in 1849—they were imported by sea in the rat's worst shape, that of the brown or Norwegian variety. Few of the interior towns were visited until 1853. Now they infest all parts of the state. In 1850 there were no rats in New Mexico, and it used to be a speculation how long the adobe houses would resist their gnawing teeth, whenever they should see fit to establish themselves in that country. It is said the rat was unknown before the Christian era, and that his first appearance in Europe was long after in the Middle Ages. This was the black rat, coming from no place of which we now have any record. He soon spread all over Europe; and, from his hostility to the mouse, which has been known through all recorded time, it is strange that the smaller rodent has not been exterminated. He would be were he not, perhaps, even more prolific than his bigger brother.

The brown rat was not known in Europe before the eighteenth century; and, though called a Norwegian rat, was actually imported from India. He is the strongest and most ferocious and destructive of his tribe. To-day, it is said, there is not a black rat in Paris—the race there having been killed out by the browner animal. This species was widely known all over the United States. The ravages of the rats of both species are enormous. How they can be got rid of is a question worthy the attention of legislators. Such vermin, if possible, ought to be exterminated; a rat, no matter how domesticated he may be, having no more right to live in a civilized community than a wolf or a wild-cat.

☞ Marcus Morton was elected Governor of Massachusetts in 1839, by a majority of one in a vote of 102,000, after being a candidate for sixteen consecutive years.

☞ An exchange, which has lately exchanged presses, says: "We have sold one of our presses to go to India, where it will *continue* to print for the benefit of the heathen."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Home Intelligence.

The Elections.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The official returns are as follows:—Williams, (Republican,) 266,824; Sharswood, (Democrat,) 238,026; majority for Sharswood, 1,202. One account, however, says that a typographical blunder has been made, and the true majority is 922.

OHIO.—The Republican candidate for Governor is elected—majority estimated at about 3,000.

The majority against the Negro Suffrage amendment is now estimated at from forty to fifty thousand.

COLORADO.—The Republicans carried the late election in the territory of Colorado. The Legislature stands as follows:—Council—Republicans, 8; Democrats, 4; House—Republicans, 16; Democrats, 10; conservatives, 2. The majority of members elect in each branch are in favor of becoming a state.

CALIFORNIA.—The Democrats had about 1,400 majority in San Francisco, on the Judicial election of the 16th. They have probably carried the state by a small majority.

LOUISIANA.—About 75,000 votes (nearly all negro) were cast in the recent election in Louisiana, and the majority for a Convention is nearly 15,000.

COMING ELECTIONS.—On the first Tuesday (the 5th) of November, elections will be held in the states of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, and Nevada. Some of these Commonwealths vote for a Governor and state officers—but in others the ticket is only local.

THE MODERATE REPUBLICANS.—The recent elections seem to prove that about 20,000 moderate Republicans, scattered through the Middle States, East and West, can exercise an immense influence on the destinies of the country. The Moderate Republicans are generally in favor of the Constitutional Amendment of last Fall as the proper Plan of Reconstruction—and are opposed to all interference by Congress with what they consider the Constitutional Right of each state to regulate the suffrage question for itself. They are generally in favor of Gen. Grant for President, with a moderate, conciliatory platform.

MONTANA.—Late Montana advices state that two companies of mounted militia, under Captain Hughes, have deserted, and it is supposed they intend depredating on the road between Montana and Colorado. A reward of $1,000 has been offered for the arrest of Captain Hughes.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Governor Orr, in a letter to President Johnson, urges that General Canby's order in relation to juries be revoked, or, at least, suspended. He says that in twenty-three districts of South Carolina there are under the order, a majority of colored jurors for the trial of all classes of cases, civil and criminal, and only five per cent. of their number will be able to read and write.

VIRGINIA.—The effect of the late elections has been very great. The "*Richmond Enquirer*," in an article opposing any action that may seem to sanction negro suffrage says:—"'The loyal people' are declaring *against* negro suffrage, even in attenuated degree;—shall we show ourselves 'rebels and traitors, by flouting these expressions of their sovereign pleasure, and sending negroes who may not vote with them at the polls, to vote with them in Congress."

MARYLAND.—Chief Justice Chase, in the U. S. Circuit Court at Baltimore, has directed the release of a colored woman held under the apprentice laws of Maryland as being in opposition to the Civil Rights act. The Chief Justice decided the Civil Rights act to be constitutional, being made in pursuance of the amendment abolishing slavery.

WASHINGTON.—The Treasury Department has transferred to the conscience fund $19,854, which was received in a letter from Urbana, Ohio, without any explanation whatever. The numbers on all the notes and coupons were cut out, leaving no way by which they could be traced to the sender.

NEW ORLEANS.—The yellow fever is abating. There have been about 2,500 deaths, and 40,000 cases. The average of deaths has generally been greater in former years.

Foreign Intelligence.

ITALY.—The Revolutionists at the last news menaced Rome, under the lead of Menotti Garibaldi. Garibaldi calls the whole nation to arms, while Mazzini urges the people to proclaim a republic.

The Pope has called a convention of the Cardinals to consider the situation. It is reported that if the condition of affairs around Rome should become critical, he will leave and take refuge in Bavaria, where he has been offered an asylum.

FRANCE.—A Council of Ministers has decided that France should immediately intervene for the settlement of the Roman question, but without acting any longer in conjunction with the Italian Government. The Moniteur reproaches the Italians for violating the laws of nations, and disregarding the obligations of solemn treaties, and fostering a dangerous spirit of republicanism. Owing to continued disturbance in Italy, and the prospect of French intervention, the financial depression on the Bourse increases, and rentes are steadily declining. Spain has agreed to aid France in its defence of the Papal government.

The French fleet only awaits, it is said, the answer of Italy, to sail to the relief of Rome. If Italy will interfere against the Garibaldians, we infer, France will not. The troops of Victor Emmanuel are on the frontier.

DEMAND ON TURKEY.—It is reported that the Emperor Alexander, of Russia, and King William, of Prussia, have sent a joint note to the Sultan, asking him to cede the island of Candia to Greece.

ENGLAND.—There is great alarm relative to the Fenian conspiracies. In consequence of a report that the Fenians' plan is to seize the Queen, at Balmoral, the guard there has been doubled.

CANDIA.—Letters from Candia give terrible accounts of the condition of the Cretans. With the exception of a few cantons and villages, it is doubtful whether there is a village standing in the island in a condition to offer shelter to its people during the coming winter. The Cretans, however, still struggle for their independence in spite of the misfortunes that have befallen them.

MEXICO.—Juarez is said to be elected President. The trial of Santa Anna is concluded, and he has been sentenced to eight years' exile from Mexico.

☞ In Easton, Pennsylvania, the other evening, just as a performance in a public hall was about to close, two wags put themselves in front of the doorway with an umbrella and waited for the outcoming crowd. It was not raining at all; but when the first persons of the audience had reached the door and seen the warning umbrella, scores of hands were thrust out, coats were buttoned closely, and dresses taken up, while quite a number remained in the hall, refusing to come out on account of the rain. The "sell" was complete.

☞ A letter from Kossuth has been published at Turin, in which he declares that he will never enter into any relations with Russia, "the executioner of Hungary and Poland, and the eternal enemy of freedom."

☞ A laudable spirit of economy and thrift pervades the town of Saybrook, Connecticut, judging from the consolatory reflections of Uncle Barnck B——, who had been very sick in midsummer, but soon got about again. In reply to Col. Higginbottom's inquiry as to his health, he said: "Wa'al, now, Kurnel, sort o' middlin'; but I—tell—you," (lowering his voice and shaking his head), "if I'd a died in hayin' and harvestin', 'twould been more'n forty dollars damidge to me."

☞ It is said that an offer has been made for Mrs. Lincoln's wardrobe, and the auction has been delayed until the end of this month.

☞ Portions of a human body, clothing, a watch, $150 in money and other articles were found distributed along the track of the Morris and Essex Railroad last Sunday. They proved to be all that was left of a man who had slipped between the cars and had been dragged along and ground up.

Practical Joking in High Life.

The Paris correspondent of the London Globe writes:—"Practical joking, I had thought, died out long ago in all decent society; but, if newspapers are to be believed—a thing of which I am not at all certain—(I speak, of course, only of those of France and the rest of the continent)—it still flourishes in the highest society of this country. Here, for example, greatly condensed, is a story I find in one of the journals of Paris: "A distinguished party were a fortnight ago the guests of the Marquis de Ga——, in the chateau of ——, in the neighborhood of Trouville. The ladies of the party being bored, resolved somewhat ungratefully, in order to amuse themselves, to play off a joke on their host. So one night they placed a quantity of flour between the sheets of his bed. At his customary hour the marquis retired to rest, but the strange substance astonished him, and he jumped up. He found himself as white as a miller from head to foot. A few moments' reflection convinced him that he was the victim of a trick. He coolly rang for his valet, made the man scrape him and wash him and change the sheets. He then returned to bed.

"The next morning he said not a word of what had happened. Three evenings after he proposed a drive to a small shooting lodge in the neighborhood, where there was a splendid view, and when he got there he offered the ladies tea. The cake served with the liquid was extraordinarily good, and the fair dames did ample justice to it. They declared that they had never seen anything like it in Paris. 'Yet nothing could be more simple than to make such cakes,' said the Marquis. 'First take your flour,' continued he, with all the solemnity of a cookery book, 'and then roll a man in it.' The ladies looked aghast. 'Yes, mesdames, the cake is made of the flour in which it was your pleasure I should be whitened the other night!' '*Horreur! Quelle horreur!*' screamed they."

An American Officer Fallen in Crete.

Letters from Athens, Greece, of Sept. 1, bring the painful intelligence that Major Sidney DeKay, well known as a brilliant young officer of our late volunteer army, has been brought into the military hospital at Athens, from the Island of Crete, where he had been dangerously wounded, being shot in the right side and shoulder in a fight with the Turks in a defile of the mountains of Roumelie.

Major DeKay was making a reconnoissance with a small party of insurgents, and being cut off from their camp, made his way to the coast, embarked with his party in an open boat with but two oars; and after ten days of great suffering, was picked up by a Russian man-of-war and brought in.

This generous soldier of liberty, barely twenty-one years of age, whose too probable fate will be mourned in both hemispheres, served with distinction in the Union army during the late rebellion, and at the close of the war went to Crete and has since done good service in aid of the heroic islanders, who will not be conquered. The affecting incident proves that the days of chivalry and the romance of self-devotion are not buried in the antiquity of the Southern or the Northern races who mingle their blood to-day in the soil of Grecian islands for the ancient cause that hallowed Marathon.

Oil Upon the Sea.

A correspondent of the London Shipping and Mercantile Gazette says he saw a practical proof of the truth of the old adage that oil would calm the troubled waters. The event occurred on a voyage from St. Johns, N. F., to Bristol, England. The vessel was loaded with oil and blubber, and experiencing severe weather, was disabled and thrown on her beam ends. The sea being very heavy, it was suggested that oil would smooth it; and a hogshead was broached in the hold, and the oil pumped into the ocean with the water made by the vessel leaking. The effect was marvellous. The vessel was drifting to leeward, and to windward the sea appeared as though there was a calm, and in spite of a tremendous gale, the sea never broke on board for the eight days the vessel lay to. When the effect was observed, the oil was not spared, and the vessel reached Scilly, though so crippled as not to be worth repairing. If this be true, it must greatly diminish the dangers of whaling, and a few barrels placed on board every other seagoing craft might prove the salvation of some in stormy weather.

Doves in Peacocks' Feathers!

"A WEDDING AT A FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE.—A wedding of a very fashionable character took place on Wednesday at the Friends' Meeting House, Quaker's Friars, Bristol, England, the contracting parties being Miss Mariana Louisa Rake, youngest daughter of Mr. Joseph Rake, and Mr. David Fry, youngest son of Mr. Jos. Fry. The nuptial party arrived at the meeting house in eleven or twelve carriages, several of which were driven by pairs of grays, with postilions in scarlet liveries. * * * * The bride was elegantly attired in a rich train of white corded silk; small, fashionable bonnet, almost confined to a wreath of chaplet of orange blossoms, from which fell in graceful folds a long veil of tulle edged with pearls. The five bridesmaids were uniformly attired in dresses of white grenadine, the skirts of which were neatly edged with blue; white *crepe* bonnets, trimmed with blue; and gracefully-formed peplum jackets, with blue trimmings *en suite*. Mrs. F. J. Fry, sister of the bride, wore an exceedingly handsome dress of pink satin, covered with white grenadine muslin; bonnet of white *crepe*, with white forget-me-nots and ostrich feather, and bridal veil pending from the back. Miss Windham, a friend of the bride, wore a white grenadine muslin dress tastefully trimmed with pink; white and pink bonnet with flowers to match."—*Bristol Paper.*

Oh, weep for the hour
When to Hymen's Quaker-bower,
The Fry led the Rake, and the Rake drew the Fry:
The ghost of old George Fox
Must have burst his coffin-box,
And torn his straight-cut locks, such Friends' attire to spy!

For the gown of dove-hued silk,
And the kerchief white as milk
Folded meekly o'er the bosom, and close-plaited muslin cap,
And poke-bonnet, black or brown,
The virgin Friend to crown,
The plain grey shawl for shoulders, and white apron for the lap—

Lo, vanities abhorred!
A train of white-silk cord,
And, apology for bonnet, an orange-blossom's spray!
A tulle veil edged with pearls,
O'er a chignon and long curls,
Called "Kiss-me-quicks" or "Follow-me-lads," in slang phrase of the day!

And five bridesmaids, Frys and Pearson—
'Gainst Friends' rule, oh, carnal treason!
In dresses of white grenadine, the bottoms edged with blue—
White *crepe* bonnets, azure-trimmed,
White silk peplums, azure-rimmed,
En suite for carnal persons, but "on sour" for Quakers true!

Rise, *jubilant* John Bright,
And those godless garments smite,
'Gainst apparel and its vanities thy mighty trumpet blow!
But ah—on nearer view—
Thou wear'st a collar, too,
And a brim of carnal breadth on thy hat hast stoop'd to show!

Oh, woe and well-a-day,
For Friends thus fall'n away
From the strait path in apparel to the carnal-minded road!
Farewell meekness, mildness, peace,
That with dove-hued robes must cease,
And with close caps and poke-bonnets be in lavender bestowed!—*London Punch.*

Personal Appearance of Renan.

A correspondent of the *Leipziger Gartenlaube* has visited M. Renan, author of the "Life of Jesus," and furnishes the following description, which we find translated in the Cincinnati Commercial:

"M. Renan, who is playing so important a part in the theological world, is well built, though a somewhat heavy-set man. His vigorous, wiry frame seems to bid fair to bear up yet a long while under the toils and fatigues of profound study. His features are well-defined and even somewhat sharp; but their expression is softened by an air of kind-heartedness and a mild, winning smile playing now and then round his finely-chiseled lips. His fair hair has already suffered a great deal at the hands of time."

☞ The Unitarians, who have a greater variety of hymn-books than any other denomination—ten different ones being in use in Boston alone—are about issuing a new collection.

☞ HE GAVE IT UP.—A Western paper says:—We have an acquaintance, an old gentleman, whose young people pester him very much with conundrums. He got into a drowse the other evening at the church, but recovered himself partially just as the preacher gave out the text, "How are the mighty fallen!" which he repeated, "How are the mighty fallen!" Imagine how mortifying to his friends and family, as well as to the parson, was the scene when our friend looked up inquiringly at the preacher, and, in the meekest possible tone of voice, replied, "I give it up!"

☞ There is a beggar who sits on the bridge crossing the Seine, and leading to the *Corps Legislatif*, in Paris, whose battered cap is almost daily seen heavily weighed down with sous and small silver pieces. He is a descendant of a long line of beggars who have begged there for generations. The position of the Paris beggars often descend, by the noble law of primogeniture, from beggar father to beggar son. Sometimes a beggar announces his position for sale, as he intends to retire from the business, and then there is often a great excitement in the mendicant world. The position is auctioned off to the highest bidder, and prices sometimes run so high that the buyer makes a bad speculation of it, and does not recover his original outlay through many months of industrious begging.

☞ FATAL SUPERSTITION.—During a recent storm at Sauzet, France, the wife of the bell-ringer and her son ascended to the church tower to toll the bells, in accordance with a belief, very general among the peasantry, that by doing so the effects of the lightning may be neutralized. They had scarcely commenced when the building was struck by lightning, and the woman was killed on the spot. The son escaped uninjured.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

WEEKING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "June Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages."

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

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We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums (*in all respects*) as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 12 cts. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

A CURIOUS FISH STORY.—Vallandigham, in a recent speech in Ohio, told the following:—

"While upon the Island of Bermuda, one of the most interesting group in the world—historic, because Shakspeare made it, in part, the subject of one of his splendid plays—in travelling from one portion of the island to the other, I passed by a stone enclosure, perhaps a hundred feet in diameter. The islands are coral in their formation. There was a pool of water, full of fish, inside the enclosure. I paid an English shilling for admission inside, where I saw perhaps a hundred fish, thoroughly tamed, each one having a name, and each one answering to the name by which he was called. One of them, I recollect, was called Dick. I spoke to him as I would to a dog, and he came and lifted up his head and allowed me to rub his back, just as you would a cat. Now, as I told you, if anybody else had told me that I wouldn't have believed it. But it is nevertheless true. There is just such a pool there, and there are fish there so intelligent that they recognize their names."

☞ Fifty years ago there was great use made of the water power of the tides. Tide grist-mills and saw-mills, and some others, were common all along our shore lines; but by the more manageable nature of steam, the mills are falling into disuse in many places. The London Builder, in an article on the prospective or possible exhaustion of the English coal-field, suggests as a practicable resort the employment of the tidal power in the direct production of heat, by compressed air.

☞ A LADY'S DRESS COMING OFF.—A friend of ours who had never been initiated into the secrets of a lady's toilet, and had not examined the fashion plates, was recently, at a party, struck with astonishment and commiseration, upon beholding a lady dressed out in full ball costume, with an exceedingly lengthy trail dragging behind, and very earnestly spoke to an acquaintance, and requested him to assist in finding an acquaintance of the lady, who could inform her that her dress was coming off.

☞ Bois Durci is a new material which is now used in Paris for making a great variety of decorative objects, for which ebony, jet, Irish bog-oak, and similar substances, are generally used. It is simply pulverized wood, or veritable sawdust, condensed and hardened by a patented process. It is capable of a high polish, or it may be left with a rich, dull, black surface. The finest carvings are reproduced in it, in all their sharpness, delicacy, and expressiveness, at a cost that, by comparison, is astonishingly small. It is also especially adapted for panel work, in bold or slight relief, for decorative furniture, medallions, book-covers of every variety, inkstands, cabinets, clock-cases, etc.

☞ The cause of the beautiful colors shown on soap bubbles has recently been made a subject of investigation by Sir David Brewster, and he thinks they are due, not to the prismatic effect of varying thicknesses in the bubbles themselves, but to the exudation of a coloring substance on the exterior.

☞ A lady correspondent of the Milwaukie Sentinel, who, writing under a nom de plume, had attracted considerable attention, received a note from a gentleman admirer recently, in which the writer said that a lady who could put such beautiful thoughts to paper, must be equally gifted in person, etc., and wanted to meet her by moonlight alone, to which she wrote a consent. She came to the rendezvous veiled; they walked, he talked, made love; finally gained consent to take a little kiss; the veil was raised for the purpose, and the stricken gentleman gazed upon the comely features of his own wife. Deceitful creatures—those *women!*

☞ There is an old tombstone in Dundee, Scotland, which bears this sentence, from Seneca: "It is uncertain at what place death awaits thee. Wait thou for it at every place."

☞ The potato crop of New Hampshire will not be more than half the average this season; tubers are selling for 50 cents per bushel.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Hance's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 28, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1862. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicine he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 836 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. KLINE.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. jy6-eow10t

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when specks of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected check to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-eow-tf

DEAFNESS CURED.—DR. STILWELL'S ORGANIC VIBRATOR. It fits into the ear and is not perceptible, removes singing in the head, and enables deaf persons to hear distinctly at church and public assemblies.

A Treatise on Deafness, Catarrh, Consumption and Cancer; their causes, means of speedy relief and ultimate cure, by a pupil of the Academy of Medicine, Paris. Sent free for 10 cents. Scrofulous diseases successfully treated. Dr. T. H. STILWELL, 21 East Washington Place, New York City, where all letters, to receive attention, must be addressed.

Dr. Stilwell, of New York, assisted by Dr. Poreban, of the University of Vienna, will be professionally at 1032 Pine St., Philadelphia, Tuesday next 10 to 4. oct12-4t

F. F. F.

$8.00 for 50 Cents.

THREE NEW THINGS,

The greatest living curiosity of the age. Agents wanted. Circulars sent free. Samples for trial. Address M. L. BYRN, Box 4609 P. O. New York City. Office 82 Cedar street. oct26-4t

MARTIN LUTHER once thought he saw the devil in his chamber, and threw an inkstand at his head. Had they had in those days AYER'S PILLS to exercise all the devils that come from a disordered stomach, his laughable fright would not have become a matter of history. oct19-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. WILLIAM EASTWOOD to Mrs. AMANDA M. WESTCOTT, all of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, Mr. OSCAR O. NAFUT to Miss MARY E. SELMAN, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cuthbert, Mr. S. JAMES PURDY to Miss ELEANOR E. FLYNN, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. CHARLES D. NUTTING to Miss ADELA E. DARDESS, both of this city.

On the 12th of Sept., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM WATTS, Jr., to Miss REBECCA F. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Howe, assisted by the Rev. John A. Harris, C. STUART PATTERSON to ELLEN STUART, daughter of Geo. H. Stuart, Esq.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. John Patton, D. D., JAMES N. WELLS, Jr., of New York, to BELLE, daughter of Thos. Wood, Esq., of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Sept., in Mount Vernon, Posey Co., Indiana, Mrs. E. B. BROWN, wife of Edward Brown, and daughter of the late Rev. Frederick Berg. Formerly of Bethlehem, Pa.

At Princeton, N. J., on the morning of Oct. 15th, 1867, after a long and painful illness, ARABELLA S. JAMES, wife of Thos. D. James, formerly of this city.

On the 13th instant, JOHN W. FRENCH, aged 53 years.

On the 12th instant, MARY ELIZABETH, daughter of Jacob and Rachel Miller, in her 18th year.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. MARGARET LYLE, in her 75th year.

On the 16th instant, SAMUEL DUFFIELD, in his 80th year.

On the 13th instant, JOSEPH PERRY, son of Chas. and Elizabeth Stewart, in his 24d year.

On the 12th instant, THOMAS HENDERSON, aged 49 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. CHARLOTTE BOWERS, aged 82 years.

On the 11th instant, Mr. TIMOTHY H. ADAMS, aged 69 years.

A STRANGE CAPTURE:

AN ADVENTURE WITH A SLAVER.

Some years ago I commanded one of her Britannic Majesty's dispatch gun vessels, stationed on the west coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave trade. In the course of two years thus engaged we had, as usual, done very little good, and lost a great number of men by coast fever and sickness generally. A few vessels had been captured, but many more had slipped through our fingers, by reason of the treachery of the informers on shore, most of whom eventually proved to be in the pay and interests of the slave-dealers. The slave captains, too, had become very knowing; they were mostly old hands at the business, and contrived to give us the slip in many different ways.

For instance, in chasing them on a dark night, they would show a bright light over the stern, and after we had followed this for some hours would drop a large cask with a large lighted lantern fitted to it, and at the same instant putting out their own light. It was easy for them then to alter their course so as to double back and sail away in the darkness, leaving us intent on watching their false light. This stratagem generally succeeded when the nights were very dark.

Or, when hotly pursued in the daytime, they frequently practised the most inhuman trick to increase their distance. When we were close upon them they used to throw a slave overboard with a plank to cling to, or very often without even that. They well knew that a British man-of-war would not pass a poor wretch struggling in the water and leave him to drown. Thus, whilst sail was being shortened, the ship hove to, boats lowered, the man picked up, and the vessel got on her course again, they contrived to get a fine start ahead, for these manœuvres, even in the smartest ship, will take some considerable time; and in this way, as much ground was lost as would take many hours to recover, for a stern chase is a long one.

The luck had been against us for a long time, and after many false informations and fruitless chases, we succeeded in capturing a slaver in a most singular manner, without any chase at all.

It happened in this way. One fine morning, when cruising off the coasts of Loango and Congo, the officer of the watch reported a strange sail in sight. I went on deck, took my glass, and there, surely enough, was a very suspicious-looking craft right ahead. It was a dead calm, and we soon steamed up to her.

She was a clipper barque of about four hundred tons. From her taut spars great clouds of snowy canvas flapped heavily against the rigging as her long, low hull rolled slowly from side to side on the glassy surface of the heaving ground-swell. Judging by her rakish appearance, and by her being a great deal out of the usual track of homeward or outward bound vessels—in fact, being in a very suspicious locality—one naturally came to the conclusion that she must be a slaver. I hoped to have very soon the pleasure of lifting her hatches to ascertain whether this assumption was correct or not. As a preliminary step, the demand to show her colors was made; to my great annoyance she hoisted the stars and stripes of America. This precluded the right of search. However, I resolved to board her, and try to detect some signs of her having a black cargo. With that object in view I had the gig manned, and in a few minutes was alongside the doubtful craft.

The captain, a tall, gaunt Yankee, received me at the gangway, and, without waiting to be asked, produced his papers, which seemed to be all regular enough. The barque was the Independence, of Boston, Mass., Robert Stormont, master, from New York to the Cape of Good Hope on a trading voyage. She was now homeward bound, and was twenty-seven days out from the cape, so the captain informed me. Having taxed him with being out of the usual route, he explained that this was a new notion of his—he kept well over to the eastward so as to make a fair wind of the northeast trades, when he should meet them. Whilst pointing out to him the fallacy of this idea, I took a few turns up and down the deck with him, and succeeded in drawing him into a long argument. Whilst thus engaged I noticed that all the hatches were indeed battened tightly down; but that there were no things stowed on the top of them, as is usually the case in merchant vessels whose hatches are never required to be opened during the voyage. This strengthened my suspicions, and from the captain's extreme eagerness in satisfying all my inquiries, I had very little doubt as to the nature of his cargo.

It was certain that if he had slaves on board, those hatchways could not remain closed for an hour without suffocating them. If they were opened during that time, the presence of the slaves would be easily perceptible, and in that case the vessel would be a lawful prize.

Considering these things, I sat on the taffrail, and taking out a bundle of choice Havanas, proposed a smoke. This the Yankee agreed to, and we smoked away and got tolerably social, although at the same time it was amusing to see how very fidgety he was getting.

In the course of conversation it turned out that he had been in China, and as that was the last station on which I had served, we were enabled to compare notes on that subject. He interested me very much by giving an account of the clever way in which he suppressed a mutiny that broke out in his ship on her last voyage. It appeared that he was chartered to take three hundred Chinese coolies, the very dregs of the population, from Hong Kong to California. It occurred to these celestial vagabonds, some time after the vessel had put to sea, to murder the officers and crew and run away with the ship. In order to effect their purpose they adopted a highly ingenious expedient. Several large bonfires were made on the lower deck, and a cry of "Fire, fire," was raised; the Chinamen thinking that the officers and crew would all rush down below to put the fires out, and then they would be easily able to fall upon them with knives, and murder them all simultaneously. But our friend, the captain, far too wide awake for that, simply had all the hatches battened down, and smothered the Chinamen in their smoke. When they were sufficiently choked and thus reduced to subjection, he demanded that they should deliver up the ringleaders of the mutiny. This they did, and without any trial he hung them, six in number, at the foreyard-arm the same day.

We continued thus, spinning yarns and smoking for some time longer, when a breeze sprang up, and the Yankee, thinking to shake me off, said—

"Wa'al, stranger, guess we've got the wind at last. I'm sorry you must say good-by, but I reckon I must fill away and go on my course, for I can't afford to be stopping here all day talking."

"Don't mention it, my dear friend," I replied. "You see there is no necessity for that. I may just as well go your way as any other, for I'm only cruising. Here, take another cigar and settle down again."

I then shouted to the first lieutenant to keep within hail, on the same course as the barque. Upon this the Yankee's long, sallow face darkened and grew longer; he was evidently much put out.

He certainly did not appear to appreciate this act of courtesy on my part. I kept on talking, and tried to involve him in another argument, anything for an excuse to pass the time. But he was trying equally hard to put an end to the conversation by sullenly replying "yes" and "no" to everything, and never volunteering a remark or comment of his own. But, in nowise put out by his broad hints, I commenced a series of long-winded stories, keeping him at the same time well supplied with cigars.

It was delightful to see how excessively nervous and fidgety he was. He well knew that if this lasted much longer his cargo would not be worth much; so he kept on giving me the strongest hints to go, all of which I pretended not to understand. At length he appeared to be losing his temper, and the more cross he got the more obtusely good-natured and urbane I became.

I now very quickly brought matters to an issue by hailing the gig that was towing astern.

"Gig there."

"Sir," replied the coxswain.

"Go on board and get your dinners, and tell the first lieutenant to send the boat back with some more cigars in an hour's time, and say that I have found the captain such a remarkably agreeable man that I intend to spend the afternoon with him. D'you understand?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

When our friend the Yankee heard this he let fly a volley of oaths, and then said, resignedly—

"Guess it's no use, captain. I'm fairly smoked out this time; the ship's yours, I reckon," and then, turning to the mate, "Here, Nathan, haul down that flag and git them hatches up and let them unfort'nit cusses git some air, for I reckon they're smothered pretty considerable. This is a dodge as I never heerd tell on afore."

She had nearly six hundred slaves on board. I am glad to say none died of suffocation through my ruse. She was the best prize that we took during that commission.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Anecdotes of Irving.

The genuine though unobtrusive modesty of Washington Irving is known to all readers of his works, this characteristic being one of the many charms of his writings; but it is not, perhaps, so well known that this trait, so generally admired by others, was to himself, at times, a source of infinite annoyance and mortification.

The subjoined anecdotes are illustrative of his modesty, or rather diffidence, as exhibited on two memorable occasions, when confidence and self-possession appeared to him peculiarly necessary. On the occasion of the visit of Charles Dickens to this country, a grand dinner, as will doubtless be recollected by old New Yorkers, was given to him at the City Hotel, at which a large number of literary and other celebrities assembled to do honor to the distinguished foreigner. After the guest himself, the most important person present was Washington Irving, who had been selected to preside, and from whom a felicitous and interesting welcoming address was expected. To the utter surprise of everybody, however, when he arose to speak he was scarcely able to express a coherent word, and, after two or three attempts, sat down, amid the laughter of the party, completely discomfited. His failure afforded Dickens an excellent opportunity to show his humor and amiability at the same time, which he did not omit to do when he got up to respond. The next morning Irving wrote to Parke Benjamin as follows:—

"*Dear Parke:*—I broke down last night, just as I knew I should, IRVING."

Some time after this, the Democratic party, feeling the need of a strong candidate to enable them to carry a pending mayoralty election, chose the author of the "Sketch Book," and a committee, composed of some of the leading politicians of the day, was despatched to Sunny-side to apprise him of his nomination, and obtain, if possible, his acceptance. Arriving at his residence, they were met at the door by the housekeeper, who, after eyeing them suspiciously and asking divers questions, ushered them into the library, where they found the illustrious author reclining on a lounge. After the usual civilities, the spokesman of the party made known the object of their visit in the most unexceptionable set phrases. Whereupon Mr. Irving commenced to reply, and had got as far as, "I thank you, gentlemen, for the complimentary manner in which you have conveyed to me this honor, but—" and pausing for an instant, he was relieved by the housekeeper, who at that moment entered the room to announce refreshments, and said, evidently having overheard the conversation, "But you shan't go, sir;" when Mr. Irving again resumed, and concluded in these words: "Gentlemen, you have your answer"—and then politely led the way to the dining-room.

☞ The Marquis de Mouchy maintained that the flesh of pigeons possessed a consoling virtue. Whenever this nobleman lost a friend or relation, he said to his cook, "Let me have roast pigeons for dinner to-day. I always remark," he added, "that after having eaten two pigeons, I rise from the table much less sorrowful."

RECOLLECTIONS.

'Tis past—but yet I see it still,
That sunshine on the shore;
The roses on the window-sill,
The ivy round the door;
The light and shadow flitting round
Each old familiar tree,
Along the line of grassy ground
That slopes toward the sea;
And through the western windows low
The setting sunbeams pour,
And flit and flicker to and fro
Upon the matted floor.

The little porch—I see it yet—
Where summer flowers twine,
And all their fragrant blossoms net
With leaves of glossy vine.
And with their sweetness stealeth slow
A thought of hours gone by,
All lighted with a golden glow
Of sunset in the sky;
And memories of the pathway fair
That wound along the bay,
And of one sweet hour wasted there
One blessed summer day.

One little hour, along the shore,
As arm in arm we strayed,
And listened to the ceaseless roar
The restless waters made;
And watched the shadows in the deep,
The sunlight on the land,
And saw the tiny wavelets creep
To kiss the golden sand;
Till all the glory seemed to die,
And daylight was no more,
And darkness crept along the sky,
And silence on the shore.

That hour is past—it came and fled
As all life's beauties will;
The roses they are long since dead
Upon the window-sill;
The little porch is lying low,
The shore is far away,
And other eyes may watch the glow
And sunset in the bay;
And where the shining pathway gleams,
And on the golden sand,
Now other hearts may dream their dreams,
And other feet may stand.

And softer sounds may come and go
Upon the summer air;
And other lips may whisper low
The words we whispered there;
And other roses climb the wall,
And wreathe the self-same spot,
And blush at other vows let fall
Like those that we—forgot!
But never shall an hour so bright
Return to her or me,
As that which left us when the light
Grew dark upon the sea.

ROB ROY.

Rob Roy, or Robert McGregor, surnamed Roy, or red, from the color of his hair, was a sort of chief with his clan. He was largely engaged as a cattle-dealer, and made frequent journeys to England with large droves. On one of these ventures he had the Duke of Montrose for a partner. The speculation proved a bad one, the market being overstocked, and the cattle selling for less than prime cost. The Duke no sooner heard of this misfortune, than, determining not to be a loser, without waiting for Rob's return, he collected a well-armed party, and with a "warrant of distress" in his hand, went down and took possession of the McGregors' estate, turning his wife and children out of doors, without food, shelter, or clothing. In due time Roy returned, and discovered the desolation the Duke had effected. He swore vengeance on the tyrant, and then retired with his family and retainers into the mountains, where he established himself a new home, somewhat less luxuriant than his ancestral halls. Here he collected about him a band of followers, and soon did Montrose heartily repent his forcible proceedings. Almost daily were cattle missing from his estate, and when rent day came round Rob was sure to be on hand to seize the rents as they were fairly paid over. On one of these occasions (it was in the summer of 1717) Rob, with some twenty picked men and his favorite piper, Alpine, with great rapidity and secrecy, made a descent upon the inn where Killean, the Duke's chamberlain, had appointed to meet his lordship's tenants to receive from them their annual rents. Killean was in the dining-room with the assembled tenantry, and had already given receipts for a large amount of money, when the sound of a bagpipe was heard approaching.

The air played, "Up wi' the Campbells and down wi' the Grahams," betokened something hostile. They hurried to the windows, and great was his consternation when he beheld Rob Roy, but alone, or preceded only by the piper, Alpine, advancing straight to the door of the inn.

Through terror that his own life might be the forfeit of the proceedings instituted against Rob nine years before, he sought to preserve his master's property, and gathering up his rent rolls, receipts, and the bag containing the money, he flung them into a loft above the room. At that moment the door was thrown open, and with respect that was in no way assumed, the landlord ushered in Rob Roy, fully armed, with a smile on his lips and irony in his clear, gray eye, while Alpine remained as a sentinel at the door of the inn.

"God save all here," said Rob Roy, bowing.

"A hundred thousand welcomes!" replied Killean, whose dapper little figure trembled in his buckled shoes, and he nervously fingered the breeches Bible that was always in one of the large-flapped pockets of his square-skirted black velvet coat. He trembled so much that the powder of his wig floated like a cloud about his head as it was shaken from the curls.

On this occasion, Roy wore a short and green jacket profusely laced with silver; a long, red waistcoat, and woolen shirt open at the neck; a belt and a pair of deer-skin hose and cuarans, elaborately cut and tied with thongs. His lawless and predatory life had imparted a wild expression to his eye and a boldness to his bearing that impressed all present; but one of the Duke's farmers, named McLaron, gathering courage, pushed a bottle of wine and another of whiskey towards him, saying with affected confidence:

"You will drink with us, McGregor?"

"That I will do," blithely replied Rob, as he filled up a silver quaich with whiskey, and drank it off, previously giving the old Highland toast:

"The Hills, the Glens, and *the people*."

He then laid his sword and pistols on the table, and presenting his little crooked snuff mull, to go round the company, in token of amity, he said:

"Keep your seats, gentlemen, pray, do not let me interrupt you," and proceeded to partake of the cold roasted meat, the bread, cheese, and wine, which had been provided as a repast for the tenants, about thirty of whom were in the room.

While Rob was eating, the party rose and the bottle went cheerfully round till he called the piper, who stood outside the inn near the open windows.

"Alpine, strike up Glentrain."

On hearing the order, which seemed the forerunner of mischief, the chamberlain and tenants exchanged glances of uneasiness, which in no way subsided when Rob stuck his pistols in his belt, and snatched his sword, as his henchman and other followers burst into the room, with claymores drawn, ranged themselves at the doors and windows, precluding all chance of escape.

"Now, Killean," said Roy, for the first time addressing his enemy, "you will, perhaps, have the kindness to inform me how you have come on with the collection of his grace's rents?"

Hesitation and fear made the factor silent.

"Speak!" exclaimed Rob, impatiently.

"I have got nothing yet," stammered Killean.

"Come, come; I know you of old, and no your tricks and falsehoods will not pass with me. I must reckon with you fairly, by the book. Produce at once your ledger!"

Killean, with the perspiration oozing on his temples, still hesitated, and began to protest; but Rob laid his watch on the table, and cocking one of his steel pistols, said, with assumed calmness:

"Killean, I give you but three minutes to obey me."

In the terror of death, the chamberlain grew deadly pale, and looked sick at heart.

"One minute has already passed," said Rob, as he began to hum an air, a sure sign that further mischief was not far off; so Killean, seeing the utter futility of resistance, presented his rental books and bags of money.

"Now, Killean, this is acting like a sensible man," said Rob Roy, as he uncocked the pistol, and placed the watch in his pocket; "so help yourself and take a dram while I examine your accounts."

Rob Roy turned over leaf after leaf of the ledger, examined the whole of the rental, drew from the farmers those sums which the chamberlain had not yet received, and pocketing the total, £8,227 2s. 8d., (Scots,) with great formality granted receipts in full.

Having completed this business, Rob returned to his mountain home, taking with him the terrified Killean, whom he threatened to hang should his master fail to ransom him with 3,400 marks, (Scots.) This Montrose refused to do, when, notwithstanding that to Killean's influence and advice he owed his misfortune in the loss of a home, he generously allowed him to depart in safety.

In 1747 Rob Roy was captured. A large reward had been offered for him, dead or alive, and stimulated perhaps by this the Duke of Athole, who had been a Jacobite, and therefore in sympathy with Rob, determined to entrap him, and deliver him over to the government. He accordingly sent our hero an urgent invitation to visit him at his castle, assuring him of perfect safety, and even procuring for him a "protection from the government." Thus deceived, Rob duly appeared at the Castle of Blair, in a chamber of which the Duke had treacherously concealed an officer and sixty soldiers. He was cordially received.

"I know not how to express the joy I feel in having so brave a gentleman in my house," said the Duke; "but as a first favor, I must beg of you to lay aside your sword and pistols."

"Wherefore, my lord?" asked Rob; he felt surprised at a thing so unusual.

"The Duchess is somewhat timid, and the sight of such things always alarm her."

"By my faith, Athole, had she seen her rooftree in flames, and so much of her own blood shed as my good wife has seen in *her* time, the sight of an armed man would not cause uneasiness," replied Rob, as he laid aside his dirk and pistols. "But where is your good lady, Duke?"

"In the garden, where we shall join her."

The Duchess came hurriedly forward to met the famous outlaw of whom she had heard so much, and to whom she presented her hand, for as yet she was ignorant of the vile plot her husband had framed.

"McGregor?" she exclaimed, on seeing him without a sword; "McGregor here and unarmed!"

Rob saw at once he had been victimized, and glanced up to the Duke, who colored deeply, and said with some confusion—

"I thought your sword might prove troublesome if anything unpleasant occurred between us."

"Between friends—between a guest and a host, what could occur that would be unpleasant? I understand you not."

"You will understand this, Mr. McGregor," said the Duke, throwing off his disguise; "you have committed such wild work along the border that I must detain you."

"Detain me?" repeated Rob, with surprise.

"And send you to Edinburgh."

"Where I should swing in a gibbet, a holiday sight for the psalm-singing burgesses. I am then snared—betrayed?" exclaimed Rob, starting back.

"Phrase it as you please; I—"

"Has a man of your rank and name a soul so mean, so vile, that he will forfeit honor and faith to win the paltry reward offered for the head of a loyal and unfortunate gentleman, whom tyranny and oppression have covered with ruin and driven to despair and shame?" Clinching his right hand, he would have struck the Duke to the earth, but for a piteous shriek which came from his lady. At this moment an iron gate opened and sixty soldiers rushed in, surrounded McGregor, and beat him down with the butts of their muskets. He was bound and dragged away to an adjacent village, where he was kept under a strong escort until arrangements could be made for taking him to Edinburgh.

Rob Roy, finding himself in one of the miserable cottages of the village, began to hope that he might perhaps achieve an escape. As a preliminary he begged the sergeant to undo the cords which bound his hands, that he might write a farewell letter to his unhappy wife, who had then found shelter in the little farm-house of Portnellan, at the head of Loch Katrine.

The sergeant was a humane man; he said something about his own wife, and he did as Rob requested, though in defiance of express orders.

Then, as he had been liberal in supplying the soldiers with whiskey and ale, they became friendly with McGregor, and so after a time the letter was written; but there was a difficulty in procuring a messenger to Loch Katrine, as several McGregors had located themselves thereabouts, and reprisals were dreaded.

The stormy night wore on, and ere long all the soldiers were sleeping save one, who stood with his loaded carbine at the door of the cottage. To McGregor it seemed as if this man pitied him, as he had been more gentle than his comrades, and had ministered to his comfort, so far as he dared, since the time of his betrayal at Blair.

Being strong, active and wiry as a mountain stag, to rush on this trooper and wrench away his carbine would have been an easy task to McGregor, but the key of the cottage door hung at the waist-belt of the sleeping sergeant; thus the preliminary scuffle would only serve to rouse the whole party, and ensure his being shot down by some of them.

As these ideas occurred to the captive, he surveyed the sentinel, whose gaze was never turned from him. With a swarthy, almost olive-tinted face, and deep, dark eyes, he was a stout and handsome young man, and his profusely braided uniform, with its heavy red cuffs, his horse-grenadier cap, and tasselled boots, became him well. He had his right hand on the lock of his carbine, the barrel of which rested in the hollow of his left arm.

"How goes the night?" asked McGregor.

"Twelve has just struck on the hisk-clock without," replied the soldier, "and the night is cold and eerie yet. You can hear the sough of the wind among the trees, and the roar of the Tay, too."

"You are, I think, a south-countryman, by your accent," said McGregor.

"Yes," replied the trooper, dryly, as he was loth to become too familiar with a prisoner of a character so formidable; and, moreover, the sergeant might be awake.

"Take another taste of the whiskey, man; there is a drop in the quaich. What part of the South are you from?"

The trooper drained the little wooden cup, and replied—

"I come from Moffatdale; my auld mother bydes in a bit of thatched house at Craggaburnwood. Weary fall the day I ever left it to become a soldier."

"Moffatdale," said Rob, ponderingly; "many a good drove of short-legged Argyle heifers have I driven through it to the southern markets at Carlisle and Penreth. I know well the place, the Hartfell—"

"And Queensbury Hill, Loch Skene, and the Graymer's Tail, and Barrow wi' a' its dowie dens!" added the soldier, with kindling eyes.

"Once when there I fought some militiamen, and gave them good cause to remember Roy, though perhaps the loons know not my name."

"When was this?" asked the soldier earnestly.

"A year or so after the Union. It was in a Summer glooming, when I was riding northward, near Moffat village, I heard the cries of women in anguish. They came from a deep, dark hollow called the Gartpool Linn—"

"Weel ken I the place," said the soldier.

"A true Highlander has ever his sword at the service of a friend or the defenceless. I rode into the dark dingle, and found some rascally militiamen, with a Queen's officer, about to hang some unfortunate Gypsies, but by my faith I gave them their kail through the reek. I threw one half of them into the water, drove off the rest, and passed two feet of my claymore through the body of an officer, who must have been a tough fellow, for he seemed never a bit the worse when I saw him last at the field of Sheriffmuir. I cut down the poor Gypsies, who hung on the lower branch of a tree, but they were all dead—"

"All?"

"All except one—a boy about the age of Coll, my own boy Coll, whom I may never see again, in this world at least," added McGregor, with a burst of emotion.

The soldier, who had listened to his anecdote with deep interest, said—

"You did more, McGregor; you gave some money to the poor harmless lassie that lay at the tree—money to comfort her ere you went away."

"Yes, perhaps I did; but how know you that?"

"She was my sister, and I am the half-hanged Gypsy lad whom you saved, McGregor."

"You!" exclaimed the other, with astonishment in his tone.

"Yes," said the soldier, giving his hand to the outlaw; "I enlisted in Polworth's Light Horse after that, and have smelt powder at Ramillies, at Oudenarde and Malplaquet. Then I became a horse-grenadier. O! McGregor, what can I do to serve you for the brave deed of that doleful summer evening?"

"Get me a messenger," said McGregor, huskily; "one who will take this letter to my poor, forlorn wife."

"I shall," replied the soldier, in a whisper, as he glanced at his sleeping comrades; "and I shall do more: the best horse in the troop shall be at your service before the day dawns if another cannot be had!"

"Say you so?" exclaimed McGregor, whose heart leaped with joy.

"Yes, so sure as my name is Willie Gemmil—even if I should be shot for it at the drum-head."

"I thank you—I thank you: my wife, my bairns!" said Rob, in a broken voice. "You know, soldier, what I have been; think of what I *am*. I have much of goodness, of kindness, of charity, of love in my heart; yet men deem me a savage, and seek to make me one. I may be one. It may be

that in my desperation and fury, when fired by the sense of unmerited wrong. I have done severe things; but the memory of that station I have lost, and of the success I once hoped to achieve, add deeper bitterness to my fallen fortunes now. 'Tis well that Old Donard of Glengyle is in his grave, and knows not the fate of his son!"

When day broke Gemmil was relieved from his post, and exerted himself to procure a messenger, with a fleet and active horse.

On the man coming to the door of the cottage, having been instructed by the Gypsy trooper what to do, he dismounted at the moment that Rob Roy, with the Sergeant's permission, came forth to give the letter and some special message to Helen McGregor.

Rob's emotion was great in recognizing in the messenger who had volunteered so readily his foster brother, McAleister, who had been hovering about Logierait in the hope of achieving something; his glance contained a volume.

The eyes of the troop were upon Rob, yet he sprang past them, leaped into the empty saddle of the messenger's horse, and urged it at full speed towards the bank of the Tay.

"Boot and saddle! To horse and after him!" exclaimed the sergeant, while a scattered volley of carbine bullets whistled after McGregor; but long before the troop horses were bitted and saddled he plunged into the foaming river, crossed it, and disappeared.

The vexation and chagrin of the Duke of Athol were extreme, when an hour after this occurrence he arrived with a band of his own retainers, all well mounted and armed with swords and musketoons, to escort the prisoner to Edinburgh, and found no trace of him but the letter he had written to Helen, and the cords with which he had been so ignominiously bound.

Again and again was Rob Roy captured, but as often did he effect his escape, sometimes almost as if by miracle. Often he had in his power his bitterest enemies, and as often, because they were in his power, did he refuse to take their lives. His generosity was equal to his courage. The poor looked to him for protection and help, while of the rich he was the constant terror.

He brought up his sons to be industrious farmers and cattle-dealers, and in a few years, in his prosperity, ceased to molest even his old enemy, Montrose. In the reign of George II. Rob visited London, and even attracted the notice of the King. Finally, in 1734, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, surrounded by his family, this renowned freebooter peacefully went to his rest.

MY LOVE AND I.

We sat in the quiet evening,
  All alone, my love and I,
And she played on her organ softly,
  And I listened silently.
For she sang me a gay song sweetly,
  Like a chorus of wedding chimes,
And oh! in the music ringing
  Came the thoughts of other times.

In a dream I was still beside her,
  In the summer woods and dells,
And I led her on in the sunlight
  To the sound of village bells.
And she sang me a grave song sadly,
  That was soft, and sweet, and low,
Of the good Book's golden promise,
  That wine and oil should flow.

In a dream I was still beside her,
  And I saw her yet the same,
Though the promise was for others,
  And those good things never came.
Then she sang me an old song softly,
  Like a sigh from a dying breath,
And 'twas only the world's old story
  Of love, and life, and death.

And I thought as I sat beside her,
  As I heard her gently sing,
That with such sweet thrilling voices
  The choirs of angels ring.
So we sat in the quiet evening,
  All alone, my love and I,
And she played on her organ softly,
  And I listened silently.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

BOATING AT COMMEMORATION.

FROM "LONDON SOCIETY."

"Shall you have any people up for Commem.?" said Wingfield to me, as he lay on carpet cushions, one at each end of a punt moored under the trees by Magdalen Walks. It was a hot, hazy, sultry day, and we had lazily punted ourselves up the narrow, winding stream, stopping to rest in the shade of every tree, and scarcely caring to cast an eye upon a fair passer-by on the bank, or exchange a bit of chaff with a friend on the river, till at last we lay moored in our favorite nook for the afternoon. The races were over, and we were out of training; we had done our duty to our college, we were now doing our duty to ourselves. My sweetest meerschaum, filled with my own particular mixture, supplied my only employment, while Wingfield pulled away zealously at a gigantic regalia, and we felt like a couple of Homeric gods in peaceful and perfect enjoyment of the ambrosial hour. I was too lazy to answer my comrade's question for fully a minute, and he accordingly touched me languidly on the shin with his toe, and repeated the inquiry.

"Yes," I replied, raising myself with a gentle grunt from a supine to a reclining posture, "I believe I shall."

"Your mother, and two sisters, I suppose?"

"And a cousin."

"He or she?"

"She, of course: what do you take me for?"

Five minutes went by, and then Wingfield began again.

"I've thought of asking somebody up; but, you see, I've no sisters—nothing but five she-cousins, and I hate them all. I never met a girl yet who was good for anything beyond an evening party, and even then they're safe to talk to you about some big idiot or other whose waltzing is so splendid, meaning, of course, that it's the reverse of your own. Oh, they're all alike, a bad lot all round! Don't you think so?"

I thought the sentiment beneath contempt, and deigned no reply.

"Well, there's one girl certainly—that sister of Thornhill's, the youngest—who seems to have some good in her; she did take an interest in the boat; I could almost have fallen in love with her for that."

"Umph!"

"Yes," continued Wingfield, reflectively; "and as she's going to be up at Commem., there's no knowing what may happen."

"Ah!" said I, dryly, "you'd better be careful."

"Well, yes, I think so too, old fellow; she might not suit me after all."

"More than likely," I replied, with a smile as sardonic as I could manage to make it; "suppose you were to try the eldest daughter. By-the-by, Thornhill and I have agreed to join our parties and go to Nuneham on Thursday in Commem. week. You may come with us, if you'll behave yourself; but mind, I shouldn't like to introduce to Miss Thornhill one who would cause a flutter in her breast, and then find out that she didn't suit him."

"Oh, all right, old fellow, I see what you're driving at; I won't interfere with you, if that's what you mean, though I think if she doesn't suit me she's less likely to suit you. Yes, I should like to go with you to Nuneham, if it's only to see how you go about to court the young woman. There, I've finished my weed, let's move."

It is the afternoon of Saturday, the 18th of June. Oxford lies basking in the summer sun, and looks just now as lazy as a lotus-eater. Work is over, except for a few pale candidates for "Smalls," remanded for further torture by the inquisitors of the schools. No stir in the streets, a few listless undergraduates, a nursemaid trailing a child or two, a cab jogging towards the station, and scarcely a sign of life beside. But there are those coming this afternoon who will wake the drowsy old city with a start, and keep her sleepless for nearly a week ere she settles down for the three months' doze of the Long Vacation. The platform at the railway station is full of undergraduates, among them Thornhill and myself, awaiting the arrival of the train which is to bring our fair guests from the country. Here it comes, sweltering from the hot, dusty journey, hissing and groaning and grinding into the dingy station.

"Ah! there they are! This way! Well, how are you all? So glad to see you! You're rather late. Very tired, are you? Yes, you must be. Tickets! Luggage! Nine packages only? All right? Cab! Stop! Another bonnet-box? Not that? The round one? Yes! Quite right now, I think! Close packing in these flys! Your dress in the door, Jessie! Now, cabby, drive on."

So I got my party off to the lodgings provided for them within a hundred yards of St. Anthony's; and Thornhill followed with his to the next door but one. A high tea at Thornhill's lodgings, and then we all strolled into the college garden together.

Just let me give you a slight idea of each member of the party. First, my mother, rather tall and stout, with a face of the most beaming good-humor, little comic wrinkles about her eyes, and a general air of what I call comfortableness. At her side my eldest sister, Minnie, tall, like my mother, and perhaps just a thought too thin, full of life and spirits, and good sense to boot, as her bright gray eyes tell you, and just the girl to make home happy, as I tell you, who ought to know. That is my younger sister, Jessie, under the old wall there, looking as if she would like to climb the ivy, or go birds'-nesting among the shrubs; you see what she is by her firm step and frank way of looking you straight in the face when she speaks; a real true-hearted English girl, believe me, with auburn hair and rosy cheeks and blue eyes, and as fond of country sports as a lady may be.

Then there is my cousin, that girl with the dark-blue eyes and brown hair, very sober to all appearance, but full of quiet fun too. Mrs. Thornhill is the reverse of my mother, rather small and thin, and slightly deaf, which gives her an eager look about the eyes. She is in earnest in everything she does or says, but always kindly and pleasant to all around. Her eldest daughter, Alice, is one of those girls who delight in poetry, and look well in black velvet, stately and gracious, not easily excited, like her sister, but easily pleased. Lastly, there is Florence Thornhill. I must not attempt to describe her, for if I once begin there'll be no stopping me; imagine her for yourself, if you please, reader. One thing I will tell you: she is bright in every sense of the word; there is brightness in her eye, brightness in her voice, brightness in her step, brightness in her glossy hair—but there, I knew how it would be, this is the one topic on which I lose my head.

"O, Mr. Maynard," said Florence, as I came to her side, having set the two senior ladies on the best of terms by shrewdly introducing the subject of babies, "it's so delightful to get back to this dear old place again; we've come prepared to enjoy ourselves to the fullest extent."

"You will have to work hard."

"Shall we? O, that's splendid; it's so delicious to feel that we're resigning ourselves altogether to pleasure just for one week. Tell me what we're going to do, will you,—the programme for the week? I shall enjoy it all twice as much if I know what's coming. Mamma thinks surprise is half the pleasure, but I don't."

"Well, to-night you will have easy work, only a concert; there may be a dance after it, just impromptu, you know."

"Yes. O, I hope there will."

"In view of that possibility," said I, stopping to bow solemnly, "will you favor me with your hand for the first waltz?"

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure," she replied, mimicking my bow with mock gravity.

"I shall make a note of it," said I, taking out my pencil, "ladies' memories are short sometimes."

We stood still opposite each other while I wrote.

"Ah! you don't know me," said Florence; "you think I'm a flirt, don't you?"

Her tone was so serious all at once that I looked up in surprise.

"No," I replied, rather bluntly; "quite the reverse."

She said no more, but our eyes met, and—well, that was all; but there was a look in hers that put me in high spirits for the rest of the evening.

"Florence, my dear, the grass is getting quite damp, and Charlie says it is time to dress for the concert."

"Very well, mamma, I'm coming. The first waltz, Mr. Maynard; I shall not forget."

A college concert, despite the absence of lady singers, has several advantages over ordinary amateur performances. There is the charm of the college hall, with its high oak roof, antique portraits and associations of quaint old dons, solemn dinners, massive plate, and choice old wine, brightened up for the nonce into a lighter festivity to entertain the votaries of Euterpe, and (hear it not, shades of founders and benefactors!) perchance of Terpsichore also. And then everybody comes in the best possible humor. Many are friends of the singers, and applaud accordingly. Jones has a knot of supporters, who encore his solo as a matter of course, even though he did sing flat all through the first verse. And then there are the stewards, in the most faultless evening dress, handing you to your seat in that consummately polite and deferential way which marks the Oxford man *par excellence*. And, lastly, the cups of antique silver, filled with ambrosial liquor, and passed down the gay rows of ladies, young and old and middle-aged, from hand to hand, ay, and from mouth to mouth, with half-revealed enjoyment. All these things combine to make a college concert always pleasant and successful. This evening's concert was no exception to the rule, and when at last the seats were cleared away, the piano and cornet set going, and we began the expected impromptu dance, every one agreed that nothing could have been managed better. Certainly that was my opinion as I floated through that dreamy waltz with Florence Thornhill. Sunday came and went. Of course we attended duly at St. Mary's to see the vice-chancellor, doctors, proctors, "pokers," &c., in their robes of state, and in the evening, as in duty bound, promenaded the Broad Walk for the appointed hour, bowing and nodding to our friends, and scrutinizing the faces and dresses of strangers, till eyes ached and necks were stiff with turning perpetually one way, and we retired, nothing loth, to supper and repose.

Next morning found us all at breakfast in Vere's handsome rooms in college, and a capital spread he gave us, every variety of fish, flesh, and fowl, that he and the cook could think of between them, not forgetting, as no rowing man could, a genuine Oxford steak. This last, strange as it may seem, charmed none but masculine appetites, but when Florence Thornhill took a small piece, with an apologetic glance at the other ladies, "just to see, you know, what training is like," my admiration for her went up many degrees. Then we managed to be very merry over the Moselle and claret cups after breakfast. First Mrs. Thornhill declined politely but with firmness, and her eldest daughter, in spite of the remonstrances of Baxter, who practically illustrated the case with which the liquor might be imbibed by means of a straw, did the same. Then it came to my sister Minnie: she had quite a reputation for always knowing just the correct thing to do on all occasions, and all the girls looked for Minnie's lead.

"Come, Miss Maynard," said Vere, "if Baxter is allowed to finish that cup by himself, as he will do if you don't prevent it, the consequences may be fatal; consider."

Minnie hesitated and looked at my mother; my mother, who I think was, to tell the truth, nothing loath to have an example set her, returned a beaming smile, which spread all around the table, as Minnie very demurely took the straw which Baxter had selected for her, and put herself in communication with the fragrant Moselle. The spell was broken; no one hesitated now, and even the poetic Alice Thornhill yielded to the bland entreaties of Wingfield to sip, as he poetically put it, the amber stream. Florence, who sat beside me, said she had done her duty like a rowing-man in eating beef-steak, and she should now go out of training, especially as the great Henley cup was going round. So she tasted, and so did Jessie, and so did my mother.

"Now, Mrs. Thornhill," said Vere, "we can't let you off this time; this cup is made from a receipt bequeathed by our generous founder, and carefully preserved among the college archives; and they say it was over a cup of the same that our present revered Dean wooed and won his charming wife this time six years ago."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Thornhill, who took everything in earnest, "then there must be something in it."

"Yes, there's a good deal in it, though it has been through Baxter's hands; it only wants one addition, and that is your straw, Mrs. Thornhill."

And so the good lady's reluctance was overcome, and she tasted the pleasant compound not once nor twice, and the conversation became sprightly, the most sober faces looked vivacious, the merry looked merrier than ever, and everything seemed rosy and delightful.

"Ten o'clock," said Thornhill, looking at his watch. "I'm afraid we must take the ladies away, Vere; the drag will be here to take us to Blenheim at half past ten; you and Wingfield and Baxter are engaged to come with us, remember."

"It seems almost a pity to move though," replied Vere, "when we're all as snug as a select circle of gods and goddesses 'as we sit beside our nectar,' &c."

"Yes; only it strikes me that the rosy hours, in the shape of stable-boys, are just yoking the steeds to our chariot, and goddesses in the present day take a little longer to dress than our old-fashioned friends Juno and Minerva; so good-morning, old fellow, we'll all meet at the gates in half an hour."

Golden is the hour when you roam through lovely scenes with the enchanting creature whose love you are striving not in vain to win. So I thought that Monday afternoon as Florence and I strolled over the pleasant lawns and picturesque shrubberies of Blenheim, and talked everybody knows how. And so, I believe, thought all the party, especially Wingfield. He had Alice Thornhill for a companion, and his extensive acquaintance with the poets impressed her deeply. Florence and I came upon the pair once under a mossy oak, just as Wingfield, reclining at Alice's feet, was repeating, his eyes and voice full of expressive tenderness, "Maid of Athens, ere we part," &c., to which she listened with rapt attention. We managed to slip away, unobserved, and indulged our merriment at a safe distance. At last it was time to return. The drag was in waiting at the palace gates, and Florence and I reached it first.

"I wonder if I could drive four-in-hand," she said. "I've driven a pair often. Will you help me on the box for half a minute, just to see how I feel up there?"

Of course, I complied.

"O, it's splendid! I know I could manage them if I tried. I'm a first-rate whip, Charlie says."

"Take care," said I, as she took up the reins, for the leaders threw their noses up and began to move. "Wait till I get to their heads; they're very fresh."

The caution came too late: Florence could not resist giving the reins a shake, and before I could stop them, the horses broke away, and made for the steep incline that slopes down to the lake. I followed at my utmost speed. Florence turned and glanced at me for a moment with her face deadly pale, and then seemed to nerve herself for the horrible danger, and pulled the reins with all her strength; but four fresh horses were too much for her, and they dashed on straight for the slope.

"Keep your seat, and turn them to the right," I shouted in an agony of terror, "the right, for God's sake!"

Poor Florence hears me, and tugs manfully, but all in vain: they are within twenty yards of the slope: nothing can stop them; in another moment they will be rolling headlong to the lake. Look! look! they must be—no, thank God, the horses see their danger, and swerve suddenly to the right; the drag sways and reels, and then rights again; in the pause I am up with the horses, and Thornhill close behind me; we have them safely by the heads, and the danger is over.

"Are you hurt?" we both asked at once.

"No, not at all," replied Florence, faintly. "Help me down, please."

I sprang to the wheel, and she fell senseless into my arms. The whole party came up now, all very pale, and the girls half hysterical; Mrs. Thornhill would have fainted if her anxiety for her child had been less strong. We soon brought Florence round; her eyes opened, the color came back to her cheek, and she declared herself quite well, and ready for the drive home.

"I think, Florence, my dear, you had better not go out again this evening," said Mrs. Thornhill, when they were safe at home.

"Not go out, mamma! Why there's the procession of boats to-night, and St. Anthony's head of the river, too, and Charlie stroke of the boat. O, I wouldn't miss it for all the world!"

"Well but, dear, you won't be alone, you know; of course, I shall stay with you, and we can play cribbage together, or something."

"O yes, dear mamma, you're very kind, I know, but really you must let me go. I don't mind giving up the theatricals afterwards, though, you know, I'm quite well, but I *must* see the procession."

"Well, run away, then, and get on your finery," said Thornhill, "and you, too, Alice; there's no time to lose."

Was it fancy, or did I hear Wingfield murmur, "Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow," as Alice left the room?

Everybody who comes up for an Oxford Commemoration goes on Monday evening to see the grand procession of boats. Hundreds and even thousands of people come trooping to the Isis bank in the cool of that Monday evening: old *habitues* of the river with perhaps their wives and daughters, citizens of Oxford and their families, rarely seen below Folly Bridge, strangers to whom all is new, and strangers who have seen it all before, mingled with boating-men in the many-colored flannel uniforms of their various clubs, and undergraduate swells of the first water, all come on Monday evening to the river to see and to be seen. There is an abundance of ladies, the young and fair predominating, clad in the airiest and brightest of summer costumes, filling the nine or ten college barges that lie moored along the bank, and making each look, as I heard Wingfield say to Miss Thornhill afterwards, "like a bridal bouquet, filled with the choicest buds of May." There is a long, deep crowd too, fringing the opposite bank, not very *distingue* in its composition, but motley enough. The volunteer band is at work merrily; flags are flying from many a mast-head, and there on the 'Varsity barge—that one which carries the big dark-blue flag—you see the long string of college colors rising one above another in the order of their place on the river. That is our St. Anthony's flag at the top, the red Maltese cross on a white ground, and Exeter the dark crimson just below it. Now just look at the river itself, swarming with punts, dingeys, whiffs, skiffs, canoes, and craft of every size and shape, so thick in some places that you might almost cross the river by stepping from boat to boat. The Eights are manned and away down the river getting into their places, and practising to toss oars, and chaffing each other merrily. Ah! there goes the starting-gun. Look! here they come. Our boat is moored under the university barge: the Exeter Eight comes up. "Easy all!" cries the coxswain, and they float up level with us. "Up!" and all at once the eight oars rise dripping from the water, and glittering in the setting sun; our oars go up simultaneously to return the salute, and stand upright for a few seconds; both crews doff their straw hats and cheer lustily; then "Down!" and the sixteen blades fall flapping and splashing upon the water. Exeter moves on to make way for Oriel; we salute and cheer as before, and so the procession goes on through some forty boats, with a "toss-oars" and a lusty cheer as each goes by. Just watch those men in green, rowing that old-fashioned tub, the sort of thing that our fathers used to pull themselves to pieces in, and no wonder; that is the Jesus crew, all sturdy, ruddy-faced, beer-loving Welshmen: see them salute; they have a fashion of their own; there they go! At the word the whole crew rise and stand upright, each holding his oar, like a long shining lance, at his side: a long cheer with a rich Cambrian ring about it, and then "Down!" and on they go. Here come the Torpids; now look out for a spill: there they go—Balliol's over! That fat fellow Five did it on purpose, just wobbled his body at the right moment. There is a slight cry of horror from the ladies, soon merged into laughter as the crew flounder ashore, wet and muddy, but grinning in the consciousness of having performed the sensation feat of the day. The head-boats are through Folly Bridge by this time, having turned under the Leaden (a tryingbusiness for the coxswains, I can tell you, and not accomplished without some warm language from those little tyrants of the hour), and are coming down again to their barges. Now the cheering waxes louder and lustier; the boats coming down cheer the boats going up, the Eights cheer the Torpids, the Torpids cheer the Eights, and all cheer head-boat; each man in every boat rows as he likes, and when he likes, everybody's oar gets in everybody else's way, and every boat is within an ace of upsetting, but nobody loses his temper or seems to care a rush about anything except making as much row as in him lies. Coxswains shriek and bellow to their men all in vain; small boats are swamped and their owners dragged dripping into punts; women laugh, boys chaff, and boatmen swear, and all is wild, gay, glorious confusion. Then by degrees the excitement dies away; the boats drift to their moorings at last, the gay crowds melt and vanish from the barges; the town-folk and *gamins* disappear from the opposite bank, and nothing of the late carnival remains but a stray crew of holiday citizens, and the college flags flapping lazily in the evening breeze.

As everybody knows, there are only two states of mind possible to the lover, namely, bliss in the presence of the adored, and misery in her absence; and as I had to escort my mother and sisters to the St. Anthony's theatricals, while Florence Thornhill stayed at home, it is no wonder that the performance that Monday evening had no charm for me. Vere, I believe, acted admirably, and kept the audience in roars all through. Wingfield managed to hide his whiskers, and did a pettish little woman to the intense amusement of the ladies; and Baxter performed the part of a brown bear in the burlesque as naturally as if he had been born in the Zoological Gardens: but I was glad when the curtain fell, and I could retire to sleep and dream about Florence. I just mention these feelings of mine, that the reader may understand that I was in love in the good old romantic Romeo-and-Juliet style, which is not so fashionable now as it ought to be.

A grand morning concert, a flower-show, and an elegant lunch in Baxter's rooms, then another concert, and then the Christ Church ball.

"There is no ball like an Oxford Commemoration ball," said my sister Jessie, with an emphatic nod, as we stood together in the Lancers that evening. Jessie danced, as she did everything else, with all her heart and soul, and had a greater capacity for enjoyment than any girl I ever met.

"You're quite happy then, are you?"

"Quite—and so I should say is Mr. Wingfield: look! I'm sure matters must be coming to a crisis between him and Alice. I've overheard some very sentimental expressions that I don't think were quotations from the poets—and, by-the-by, Tom, what do you mean by being so devotedly attentive to Florence? She ought to be bored to death with you by this time—I should be."

"Do you really think she is?" I said, anxiously, not observing the sly twinkle in Jessie's eye.

"Well, no; I'm afraid she cares more about you than could be expected, considering the way you've persecuted her the last three days; but there, you're engaged to her for this waltz, I know; go along, fond lover, I can take care of myself here in the corner."

I had been resolving all the evening to speak my mind to Florence, but somehow the words would never come just at the right moment. Two or three times I had carefully planned the attack, and between the dances had composed several imaginary conversations that should lead up neatly and imperceptibly to—the subject; but they had all failed miserably. However, Jessie's words gave me a fresh spur: my mind was made up—I would do the deed forthwith. But again it was not to be; there was a change in Florence's manner all at once, not a great change, but just enough to make it impossible for me to say what I intended. I soon found out the reason.

"I've something to tell you, Mr. Maynard," said Florence, "that I dare say will amuse you very much."

"By all means tell me; what is it, pray?"

"Well, guess."

"O, I understand, it's a riddle, is it?"

"No, no such thing; it's about my sister, Alice."

"Your sister, Alice? and—Wingfield? Why surely they're not—"

"Yes."

"Engaged?"

"Yes, engaged—only think! I can scarcely believe it, though Alice has just told me herself. They've not told mamma, yet, for she could never hear in the crowd of people; and besides she would be sure to cry."

"And what does your brother say?"

"Charlie? O he seems as pleased as brothers generally are, you know. Here he is; we'll ask him. Now, Charlie, how do you like the intended match?"

"Well, it's not a very good one in point of size, is it? But he's a boating-man, that's a great thing in his favor—plenty of brains and pluck about him. She might have gone higher and fared worse," and he laughed and passed on.

Soon after the day broke in, and the ball broke up, and we departed home.

"Jessie," said I, as I wished her good night, "I'm afraid she is tired of me."

"Not a bit," returned Jessie, "I know all about it; it has just occurred to her to-night that you may be following Mr. Wingfield's example before long: it makes her a little frightened," she added, with her most expressive nod, "but she'll get used to the idea soon, and then it will be all right, you'll see."

Next day, however, it was not all right, and Florence did not seem "to get used to the idea;" and all the mad uproar of the theatre, and all the gayety of the masonic fete, with the dulcet harmonies of the Orpheus Glee Club, nay, even the splendor of the evening ball, with its sprightly music and ever-flowing champagne, failed to raise me from a state of lovesick dejection. Yes, it's very well to laugh; I can laugh now,

but it was no joke then, for, as I said, before, I was really deeply in love, and no nonsense about it. Thursday was the day for our picnic to Nuneham, and Friday would see us all scattered to our different homes, and Florence and me parted, perhaps forever. The prospect was too dismal to be borne. "To-morrow shall seal my fate," said I to myself, "come what come may."

Finer weather for a water-party than that Thursday brought us could not be wished, and despite the fatigues of the past week, all the party came to the river in the best possible spirits. Two large boats, of the class known in irreverent slang as "hen-coops," from the feminine freight for which they are specially designed, lay ready for us at Hall's raft, and two hampers were ready packed with good picnic fare—fowls, ducks, pies, pickled salmon, cucumbers, fruit, champagne, sherry, claret, soda-water, ice, lemons, and other pleasant things to be desired on a hot day in June.

"Now are you quite sure Tom, that these boats are safe?" asked my mother, as I prepared to help her into the larger of the two.

"Safe as your own arm-chair, my dear mother.

"Well, don't run any risks, my dear; though my chaperoning duties are nearly over for the present, I may be wanted again you know."

"Let me take care of you, Mrs. Maynard," put in Baxter; "Come, I'll be cox. of this boat, Maynard, and serve out the grog, or whatever it is, from time to time; that's my line, isn't it? Now then, is everybody quite comfortable? Room enough, Mrs. Maynard? All the liquors in, Thornhill? Shove her off, Mat. Now pull away, you fellows."

And off we glided, Baxter seated in the stern, with his legs reaching far along the boat, my mother and my cousin Helen on his right, Alice Thornhill and Jessie on his left, while Wingfield and Macleane did the rowing. In the other boat were Mrs. Thornhill, Florence, and my sister Minnie, Vere, who took the steering, Thornhill, and myself, who toiled at the oars.

Pleasant it is on the Isis river to drop gently down the stream between the smooth green banks, with the sun shining bright overhead, and to watch the gray spires of Oxford rising over the rich summer foliage, and then gradually diminish in the hazy distance. Pleasant it is when there are light hearts and pretty faces floating along with you,

"Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,"

when many a lively jest goes round, and many a merry laugh rings out across the water, and all is bright, and smiling, and rosy. And we all agreed that morning that not one of the gay pleasures of the week could be compared with the serene and sunny enjoyment of our Nuneham water-party. Perhaps, as Vere remarked with complacent pity, the rowers found the enjoyment a good deal more sunny than serene, but then Baxter took care to refresh them—not forgetting himself—from time to time, and feminine voices praised their prowess, and rebuked the laziness of the two steersmen, till the toiling galley-slaves felt they were not so badly used after all. And so we glided on, past Iffley Lock and the picturesque mill, which all who see burn to sketch on the spot; past Kennington Island, with its trim little "public," famed for beer and skittles; past Sandford Lasher and the pool, where more than one good swimmer has lost his life; through the deep, cold lock beside the little ivy-covered tavern, which we boating-men in the middle of a long training row, have often passed, "and sighed and looked and sighed again," thirsting for forbidden beer; round pleasant creeks and corners of the winding river, recalling many a bit of crafty steering, and many a hard evening's work up stream; down to Nuneham Island, all wood and weeds; sharp round the corner, and here we are lying under the prettiest of all thatched cottages and the most delicious of all green woods. Out we step on to the smooth turf, Mrs. Thornhill and my mother treading almost as lightly as their daughters, while even Baxter's heavy step becomes elastic for the moment.

"Now, ladies," said that doughty squire of dames, "here we are at last. Welcome to these sylvan shades, where no end of rural fays and fairies dwell, here in cool something-or-other, and mossy cell. Come, Vere, say something neat about Pan and those classical parties, will you?"

"Oh," returned Vere, "you're warbling your native woodnotes so beautifully wild that it would be a pity to help you out; but look here, if you want to do something classical, just take the character of Bacchus, and carry this basket of champagne up to the summer-house; perhaps the ladies will form a group of wood-nymphs to escort you."

"My character to a hair, old fellow; I'm your man; the jolly god in triumph comes."

And forthwith exit Baxter, bearing champagne, with nymphs attending.

"Now, Maynard," said Thornhill, "bustle, and let's get the dinner ready, and the rest may take a stroll till we want them."

"Very well. I see Wingfield and your sister are off already. He seems, by the wave of his hand, to be saying, 'This is the forest primeval,' &c."

"Ah, no doubt; and she's enjoying it wonderfully, I dare say. Now, mother, and wood-nymphs all," he went on, as we came up to the summer-house with the provisions, "we're going to spread the feast; will the lovely nymphs be kind enough to take Bacchus into the woods for a short time? he's sure to be in the way here."

"And if you want a couple of good ugly satyrs," added Vere, "perhaps you'll take Macleane and me,—eh, Mac?"

"Oh, let me stay, Charlie, won't you?" said Florence; "you'll want one girl, I'm sure, to make it all look nice; and I can cut up a cucumber much better than either you or Mr. Maynard, you know."

"Well, yes, you may stay; I dare say we can make you useful! Now, Maynard, out with those pies, and I'll brew the claret cup; go to work at the cucumber, Florrie."

In twenty minutes or so the table was spread in the arbor by the water-side, and we were making our way into the various dainties as fast as the imperfect nature of the knives and forks supplied from the cottages would allow. No one declined the fragrant bowl of Moselle, or hesitated a moment over the claret-cup, this time, and even sherry-cobbler, that persuasive nectar, found no small favor among nymphs as well as satyrs. Of course everything was pronounced delicious, and everybody was as merry as it was in his or her nature to be. My mother's face beamed with smiles on all around. Mrs. Thornhill made believe to be taking in all Vere's jokes with great apparent enjoyment: and even Wingfield and Alice gave up for the time the romantic air which ought, as they clearly considered, to wrap an affianced pair.

"Well," said Baxter, after trying in vain to persuade the ladies to partake once more of the cherry-tart and claret-cup, over which he especially presided, "if I can't persuade a lady to take any more, I'm certain nobody else can: so, Thornhill, I move that we seek the sequestered groves, and try and pick up sermons in stones, and that sort of thing, eh? May I give you an arm, Mrs. Thornhill? We sober, middle-aged people, Mrs. Maynard, can walk quietly behind, and let wayward youth wander where it likes."

Wayward youth was not slow to take the hint, and we were soon deep in the cool greenwood. I cannot remember how it came about, but somehow or other, quite by accident it seemed, Florence and I got parted from the rest. It was really not our doing; we happened to be talking together, and walking, perhaps, a little slower than the rest, and you know how easy it is to lose yourself in a wood! I suppose we took a wrong turning, or perhaps the others left us on purpose; at any rate, there we were all at once walking side by side alone. All at once, too, our powers of conversation, which had been lively enough before, seemed to fail, and my heart began to beat quick, as I bethought me that now or never was the time to make the plunge for good or ill. Stealing a side glance at Florence, I saw she looked embarrassed, and as if her heart were beating too. What was she thinking about? She must guess what was coming. Was she considering how to make her "No" as gentle as possible? Or was she—well, the sooner I find out the better. Yes, but how to begin? how to start a subject near enough to *the* subject, and not too near? I was relieved; Florence broke silence first.

"I never thanked you properly," she said, "for saving my life that day at Blenheim; I did not mean to be ungrateful; I have thought of it often."

"Ungrateful!" replied I, feeling a singular dryness in the throat that nearly choked me; "I'm sure I did nothing to deserve gratitude."

"Oh, yes! if you had not stopped the horses just when you did, I should have been dashed against the trees and—killed," she added, with a slight shudder. "We may not meet again after to-morrow, but I shall never forget that I owe my life to you."

She looked up as she spoke, our eyes met, and—really I would rather not go on, only all young lady readers, would, I know be utterly disgusted. Young ladies always want to know how this sort of thing is done, and find it impossible to ascertain from those who have actually done it, so, with considerable sacrifice of personal feeling, I shall just tell them right out how I did it. Where did I leave off? Our eyes met, and held a short, very short, telegraphic conversation, which meant something like this: I,—"Do you?" She,—"Do you?" I,—"Will you?" She,—"Will you?" Both,—"Yes, we were made for each other!" Then we spoke with the tongue, though speech seemed quite unnecessary.

"Florence," said I, "I love you dearly; will you be my wife?"

There was a murmuring reply, like a ripple of water on the sand, and then a period, I don't know how long, of delirious joy, which the poverty of the language will not allow me to describe; all I know or felt was that Florence Thornhill was mine, mine against the world, mine till the crack of doom. There now, my dear young lady, are you satisfied? No, of course not; you want to know all about the wedding, and the number of bridesmaids, and how they were dressed, and whether Florence cried, and whether we sent cards. Well, all I can say is, that if you will give us a call some day—our house is the prettiest cottage in Surbiton—Florence will be delighted to talk it all over with you, as she has talked it over a hundred times already with other young ladies.

And now, readers all, farewell. My rowing days are over; they have been—I say it deliberately, in spite of Florence's frown—the happiest days of my life, and the memory of them will be always dear. There stands at my knee, jogging my arm as I write, a sturdy, straight-backed little fellow, whom I hope to see, somewhere about the year 1885, handling a good oar in the dark-blue eight at Putney, and stirring in my heart memories still fresh and green of my boating-life at Oxford.

The reform agitation in England died out with the successful passage of the Reform Bill, and the attempts to keep up the excitement on the part of aspiring politicians are said to be futile. The London reform demonstration, which took place at the Crystal Palace on the 30th of September, is generally admitted to have been an utter failure. The extra attractions put forth failed to draw more than an ordinary attendance, and the banquet, with which the proceedings wound up, was only participated in by some five or six hundred persons, while covers were laid for one thousand. Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone both sent letters excusing their absence.

The Law of Gravitation.—We see in the English journals extracts from Dante and Shakspeare brought forward to show that these poets anticipated Newton in his great discovery. The extracts simply show that Dante and Shakspeare knew what all educated men of their times knew. Newton did not discover the *fact* of gravitation, but the *law*. That law is this, that bodies attract each other, directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the distance. This, the greatest of all discoveries in science, can be found in no philosopher, poet or man of science, before Newton.

☞ A change, it is said, of less than 50,000 votes distributed in certain states would have elected McClellan President in 1864.

MARRIED WELL.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SHADOW BECOMES SUBSTANCE, THE ECHO A VOICE.

Meanwhile, Nelly, at the Grimshaws', had been observing with dismay how disproportionate are the many thorns to the few roses of life. It is true she rose in favor with old Grimshaw, but she fell proportionately with the Echo. Nor was the favor in which she stood with the hypochondriac won without bodily and mental suffering. He had taken it into his head that Nelly could mesmerize him out of the neuralgia with which he was (not) afflicted; and so Nelly stood and "made passes" at him, and pressed his eyelids down with her hands, and drew her delicate finger-tips softly, and slowly, and repeatedly along his bony old wrists, and the prominent old veins on the backs of his skinny old hands; and the old scoundrel smirked and purred like a cat whose poll is rubbed, and declared that it did him "a deal of good," and he "did enjoy it"—as undoubtedly he did, but Nelly and the Echo did not. Everything old Grimshaw wanted had to be done by Nelly; the Echo's nose would have been "put completely out of joint" had not nature anticipated any such possibility; and the Echo's voice was (in the presence of old Grimshaw) almost unheard. But Mrs. Grimshaw had her triumphs. She would take Nelly out with her, and insist upon walking in the most crowded thoroughfares. She would, as often as she could, go over that perilous crossing at Regent Circus, and then she would say to Nelly: "Now, my dear, I'm going to shut my eyes, and you must guide me safely across. I couldn't answer for myself with my eyes open." What a responsibility! It is true, gentlemen would sometimes assist her, but somehow she thought they were a little too kind, and sometimes they protracted their attentions until she was obliged to assume her stateliest manner, and then with difficulty got rid of them; so that, on the whole, she preferred the rough policeman, who would say: "'Ere, come along wi' me, miss;" would stop aristocratic-looking carriages by the lifting of his (comparatively) little finger; would remark on the passage that it was "just the time o' day for 'alf a pint o' beer," and would take even a threepenny-piece without asking what it was. The Echo also showed that she could originate utterances what time she and Nelly were engaged together in domestic matters, especially when they were in the storeroom, which was out of old Grimshaw's hearing. There Nelly would hear what spite can inspire old women to say. One morning, after old Grimshaw had refused bread and butter of his wife's cutting, and had said to Nelly: "You cut me some, my dear; she cuts it so clumsily I can't eat it," the Echo had been unusually savage and initiative of sounds.

"Mr. Grimshaw is married," she said suddenly and fiercely to Nelly.

"Ma'am!" cried Nelly in utter astonishment.

"I say, Miss Finch, Mr. Grimshaw is married: if he marries anybody else till I'm dead, it's bigamy (which I believe is a capital crime, though it is so common); and let me tell you, I am not going to die just yet."

"I do not understand you," said Nelly with dignity.

"Oh, don't you? Don't you indeed?" sneered the Echo. "I know *now* what he meant by saying you would marry well."

"Mrs. Grimshaw," rejoined Nelly, turning deadly pale, "I came here expecting to have a great deal to put up with, but I will not be insulted. You or I must leave this room; either of us can do all that is needful.—You will not? Then I will"—and Nelly rushed from the room, encountering in her headlong passage Dr. Snell, who, seeing her in tears, at once drew her aside into a little waiting-room, and insisted upon knowing what was wrong.

For a time, there was nothing to be got from Nelly but sobs; at last she said: "You dear, kind friend, I cannot tell you exactly what it is, but Mrs. Grimshaw has—been—so—unkind."

"Confound the old cat!" said Dr. Snell; "and the worst of it is, she's not a patient of mine; she's far too cunning for that, for she knows she deserves to have twinges—not in her conscience (for I don't believe she has any), but, as M. P.s say, in 'another place' (of which she has a great deal too much), and she knows I'm the man to give her what she deserves. She goes in a mean, sneaking way to a homœopathic fellow, who allows her the luxury of shamming ill nearly all the year round, and of taking powerless medicines about a dozen times a day, at a cost of three-halfpence a week. But we'll find out some way of stopping her bilious tongue (and it's as furry as a cat's back, *I* know). So good-bye, my dear, and we'll see about a tonic for you.—Don't be alarmed—let me look at your tongue; that will do, that will do: we'll send you a nice tonic—in a white choker and a clerical coat," muttered the doctor to himself as he bustled away. "I know young Ewart's at the Platts', and a word to that good soul, Mrs. Platt, is *verbum sapienti*."

That same afternoon, then, Mrs. Platt and Augusta Platt, and the Rev. George Ewart, B.A., invaded the Grimshaws. The barbarians—to imitate the language of Xenophon—made no resistance, and even supplied provisions; that is, prevailed upon one of the invaders to stay to dinner. This was the reverend gentleman, whose correct costume had completely reinstated him in the good opinion of Mrs. Platt, her daughters, and Nelly; for, in the case of many worthy ladies, a clerical garb will so completely cover a multitude of sins that they cannot detect a single one. The white choker had completely dazzled and blinded Mrs. Platt, so that she who had before detected "with half an eye" the moral crookedness of a young man in a blue scarf and garments to match, could not, with two whole eyes, discern the gaunt form of the wicked wolf beneath the clothing of the reverend sheep. And, indeed, since George Ewart had been ordained (that is to say, for some weeks past), he had been staying with friends, and had perforce given up (at any rate for a time) the indulgence of such unhealthy cravings as had resulted from the final "fling." When, therefore, Mrs. Platt and Augusta took their departure (for they "couldn't leave dear Caroline to dine alone; and it's so different with you, Mr. Ewart, and we shouldn't dream of letting you go back with us out of mere politeness"), the former took occasion, as she walked with Nelly down to the door, to say under her breath: "I really think he looks better every time I see him in his clerical dress; he is getting quite the calm, placid, fatherly, clergyman's air. I sometimes fancy, when he smiles, there is something quite beautiful—almost holy—in his face. What *do you* say, dear?"

"Well, I think he is decidedly improved," answered Nelly in low tones; "and I quite agree with you that his dress seems to become him more every time I see him in it. But— Oh, good-bye, Augusta, dear; good-bye, Mrs. Platt;" for Augusta, who had been walking on some distance in front with Ewart, now ran back to say good-bye, as Nelly stopped at the bottom of the staircase.

CHAPTER XIII.

GEORGE EWART'S "LITTLE SPEECH."

At the Grimshaws' dinner, as Nelly was much occupied making various messes for the hypochondriac, and the Echo merely repeated the last word or few words of the other's remarks, with different inflections of voice, expressive of different emotions, the conversation proper was almost entirely confined to old Grimshaw and Ewart.

"You've been ordained, I believe, Mr. Ewart," said the former, "since I saw you last?"

"Yes; I was ordained last Easter."

"Ah! so Miss Finch told me, I think: you've met her once or twice since at the Platts' and elsewhere?"

"Such has been my good fortune."

"It's a poor look-out, the church, unless you have patronage; perhaps you have."

"I bought a living some time since—soon after my aunt's death. I then came into a considerable sum of money, which, of course, I couldn't have immediately; but her lawyers were mine, and my very good friends, and they managed to make a very good bargain for me, advancing the purchase-money for me."

"Ah! that makes a great difference; but you may have to wait for years before you step into the present holder's shoes."

"Well, I must take my chance," said Ewart, shrugging his shoulders; "meanwhile, I am a poor curate with eighty pounds a year, and a pretty house in a lovely country, for which I must set out in a week or ten days."

"How will you like that?" asked old Grimshaw gloomily. "Eighty pounds a year might keep a horse and a half, but will not keep a man."

"Oh," replied Ewart smiling, "I was not fool enough to spend all my money on the living; I kept some for the rainy days of a curate's life; and if I should have to wait longer than I have calculated, something will turn up, I daresay."

"Bad shillings turn up very often," growled old Grimshaw, "but I don't think much else does."

Nelly, during her occupation, heard all this talk, and somehow, Ewart's worldly, careless tone jarred upon her feelings. She would have liked to hear him say something about the sanctity of his office being enough to reconcile him to long years of poverty; but perhaps he was right; perhaps he knew old Grimshaw's character, and was aware that the hypochondriac would regard such professions as affectation and hypocrisy. Nevertheless, she sighed a little sigh; but it went unnoticed into the region where silent protest, and unavailing tear, and reproachful look are treasured up to bear witness for some, and against others.

It was once more June: it was a little more than a year since the fatal fire; and as yet George Ewart had not made his "little speech." The weather was hot, and old Grimshaw, having discussed with Ewart over their wine the remarkable case of "rheumatism in the heel," had put his handkerchief over his head, and succumbed to sleep. His snores gave Ewart leave of absence; and he accordingly adjourned to the drawing-room. There the Echo, as if she had mysterious connection with the room below, and thus divined the part she had to play, lay, "like a warrior taking his rest," with an antimacassar around her, and faithfully reflected the stertorious condition of her slumbering lord and master. Nelly sat by an open window which looked upon the trim little garden; such honeysuckle as they have in the suburbs (and it is wonderfully like the real thing) shed delicate odors about her; her dainty fingers were swiftly moving in the mechanical work of crochet; and her eyes wore the expression of one whose soul is wandering in the mazes of dreamland. As Ewart entered, she started slightly, smiled archly, and lifting a forefinger which Eos might have envied, pointed in the direction of the recumbent Echo. Ewart moved noiselessly towards Nelly, and in half-whispers proposed a few turns in the garden. Nelly assented easily; and the two passed quietly through the tiny conservatory and down the steps into the garden. As they paced up and down, the conversation at first was about matters of indifference; at last Ewart gave symptoms of that sort of restlessness which leads to reckless plucking of flowers, and aimless scattering of the leaves.

"Pray, do not destroy all Mrs. Grimshaw's roses," said Nelly, demurely, "or I shall get such a scolding."

"Let us sit down in the arbor, then," rejoined Ewart, "and I shall be out of temptation—from the flowers."

"Hadn't we better go indoors again? Mrs. Grimshaw may be awake; and she will be so angry if I am not there to make tea."

"No, do sit here for a few minutes. Pray, take this chair. Thank you; it is very kind of you to humor me; and as for Mrs. Grimshaw's anger, why— Excuse me, Miss Finch; I have known you a long while—"

"More than a year certainly," interrupted Nelly a little ironically.

"Well, it may not seem long, looking at it in that way, but then I was so often at my aunt's, and that makes a great difference."

"Oh, certainly, it makes a difference," assented Nelly. "We will consider, if you like, that you have known me for a century; what then?"

"I—I—was going to—to venture," said Ewart uneasily, "to ask you whether you are happy here?"

"How very kind you are!" exclaimed Nelly with a laugh. "And suppose I say I am very unhappy—that they treat me shockingly—that Mrs. Grimshaw beats me, and that the servants are rude to me—will you use your interest, sir" (as she rose and made him a courtesy), "to get me another situation?" and Nelly reseated herself with the brightest of smiles.

"If you would only be serious," said Ewart, drawing his chair closer to hers, "I could tell you of a situation in the parish where my curacy is."

"Pew-opener?" asked Nelly mischievously, but a close observer might have seen by the movements of her hands that a little of Ewart's uneasiness had been communicated to her.

"It is a situation," Ewart continued earnestly, "which is, I know, quite unworthy of you, but which—"

"It can't be beadle, of course," broke in Nelly with a reflective air. "Is it schoolmistress?"

"Miss Finch," said Ewart with a smile, suddenly taking Nelly's right hand in both his hands; "it is no jesting matter. You cannot mistake me *now*. Believe me, I have loved you long, and the situation is that of the curate's wife. Will you take it?"

There was a moment's pause whilst Nelly bent her head over Ewart's hands; then she lifted up her lovely face, glistening with her tears, and beaming with countless smiles, leaned forward, looked him steadfastly in the eyes, and murmured: "Yes, darling, with pleasure;" whereupon the compact was sealed, if not signed; the two high contracting parties returned to the drawing-room; found old Grimshaw and his wife demented at the delay of tea; and were perfectly indifferent to the growls of the former, punctually echoed by the latter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHIGNONETTE!

BY EDWARD ELLIS KIDDER.

We have parted, Sophronia and I—
Alas, I'm no longer a suitor;
She has banished me far from her sight,
For having presumed to dispute her!
The reason is simple enough—
I merely expressed an opinion,
At the last horticultural ball,
That she didn't look well with a *chignon!*

I do not pretend to be brave,
There is little about me heroic,
But I fancy the glance that she gave,
Would have shattered the nerves of a stoic;
She drew herself up till her form,
Never large, seemed that moment gigantic,
Took the arm of that stupid young Smythe,
And walked away—leaving me frantic!

Since then I have sought her in vain,
She always declines to receive me;
My letters are daily returned,
My flesh is beginning to leave me;
And to add to the pleasure I feel,
I yesterday learned from old Splinter
That she and young Smythe are engaged,
And intend to be married this winter.

Well, let them rejoice if they will,
I shall try not to feel broken-hearted;
But I still entertain the idea
With which this sad quarrel was started.
I ask any sensible man,
Within this united dominion,
If he ever discovered a sign
Of beauty or taste in a *chignon?*

—*N. Y. Leader.*

A Summer Moustache.

A gentleman went into one of our fashionable barber shops the other day to get shaved, was waited on by an exquisite tonsorial artist, who is a noted wag, and who never lets an opportunity for a joke pass him if he can help it. He proceeded to operate upon the face of the gentleman, who, by the way, like Judge Douglas with his legs, had "a mighty poor show" of beard. The barber, in a quiet, patronizing sort of way, inquired of the gentleman why he did not raise a moustache. "For the simple reason, because I *can't*," rather brusquely responded the gentleman. "I think you might, if you were to try," persisted the barber, very blandly. "Utterly impossible, I tell you," impatiently insisted the gentleman. "O, no!" said the barber, giving him a light touch with the lather on the end of the brush. "O, no! I am certain, sir, you could raise a moustache—a light SUMMER moustache!" (Exit knight of the *razor.*)

☞ A New Punishment.—"John Quill," says, "If I wanted to make a man utterly wretched; if I wanted to hurt his feelings and break down his spirits, and ruin his morals, I would get him to go a fishing about once a week. I approve of abolishing penitentiaries and jails, and making convicts fish for the benefit of the state."

☞ Gratitude.—A man on being told by a generous farmer that he would give him a barrel of cider, asked him if he would bring it to his house. "Certainly," replied the farmer, "with pleasure." "Well," said the grateful recipient, "what will you pay me for the barrel when the cider is gone?"

☞ One of the annoyances to which people are subject on railroads is the click-etty-clack all the while making itself heard above the rumble of the wheels and the snorting of the engine, and any or all other noises combined. This is a certain extent a necessity, for it is occasioned by the wheels passing over the open points between the rails. Sometimes, indeed, the unevenness occasioned by one rail-end being above or below its neighbor increases this racket, but the open space itself is the main cause.

☞ The other day an Irish town-crier took in charge a lost child, and proceeded to hunt up his parents. On being asked by a lady what the matter was, he replied, "Here's an *orphan* child, madam, and I'm trying to find its parents."

☞ Robberies are common in New Jersey. A few nights ago one of the night-visitors entered the scanty room of one of the Passionists at West Hoboken. To point our story we must state that this community wear long gowns as a substitute for pantaloons. The robber, placing a pistol to the head of the poor "religious," asked him for his money, and was told by the half-asleep, half-awake brother that he had none. "Get up and search your pantaloons," says the robber. "I am a Passionist," says the brother, "and we neither have money nor pantaloons." The robber surveyed the brother and the general air of poverty of the place, and turning to leave, said, with supreme disgust, "You're a *fool!*"

Washington's Manners.

In the new life of Josiah Quincy there is an interesting mention of General Washington's receptions. It appears that the opinions of Mr. Quincy and his wife differed as to Washington's manners and appearance. He maintained Stuart's portrait was highly idealized. She regarded him as a superior being, far above the common race in majesty and grace of person. "I will tell you," he said, "just how he struck me. He reminded me of the gentleman who used to come to Boston in those days to attend the General Court from Hampden or Franklin county in the western part of the state. A little stiff in his person, not a little formal in his manners, not particularly at ease in the presence of strangers. He had the air of a country gentleman not much accustomed to mix in society, perfectly polite, but not easy in his address and conversation, and not graceful in his gait and movements." His friend Mr. Sullivan, who worshipped Washington, had the same opinion of his manners.

From Moore's Rural New-Yorker, Rochester, New York.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—*Superior Teas.*—Some months ago we had occasion to speak of the reliability of the Great American Tea Company, 31 and 33 Vesey street—mainly upon information and belief—and can now commend the Company upon knowledge derived from actual observation of their premises, mode of doing business, and the use of their teas. In April last, while in New York, we visited the stores of this Company, both wholesale and retail, and were surprised at their extent, and the large amount of business daily transacted. The Company occupy four large stores and basements, and employ 175 men in the establishment. Their receipt for the three days preceding our visit were over $50,000—as the Company's books attested—an immense business.

As to the quality of the teas furnished by the Company, we can freely say they are superior, judging from samples of the cargoes of the ships "Golden State" and "George Shotton," which we have lately received and are now using in our family. We have used no better tea for years, either at home or abroad, and think we know a good from an inferior article—especially as it is our principal beverage, neither coffee nor spirits being permitted by our constitution or physician. We therefore reiterate all we have hitherto said in behalf of the great American Tea Company,—"and more too."

THE MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—I have so frequently written of the American pianofortes, that the organs may complain of neglect. In the same section of the palace appropriated to the United States are the Cabinet Organs of Mason & Hamlin, New York and Boston.

These instruments, which of their kind are incontestably the best in the Exposition, imitate perfectly the tone of church pipe-organs. Their touch is also perfect, said in the opinion of our first pianists and organists, their Automatic Swell (patented), is capable of producing most desirable effects. —*From "Le Figaro," Paris.*

☞ A gentleman in Freeport, Illinois, left his watch at a jeweler's to be repaired, when a live *cimex lectularius*—in point of fact a bedbug—was discovered in the works and had caused the stoppage.

☞ Little Alice found out an ingenious way of getting to bed in a hurry. The crib in which she slept was so low that, by placing one foot in the inside, and taking hold of the post, she could easily spring in. "Mamma," she said to her mother one evening, "do you know how I get to bed quick?" "No," was the reply. "Well," said she in great glee, "I step one foot over the crib, then I say 'rats,' and scare myself right in."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been more active; 500 bbls of extra sold at $4,50@5,50; 1150 bbls of northwest family at $10,75@11,75, and 7000 bbls in lots to the retailers and bakers at $7,50@8,50 for superfine; $8,50@10 for old stock and fresh ground extra; $11 @13 for Penna and Ohio extra family; $10,50@13 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family, and $12,50@15 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. 200 bbls of Rye Flour sold at $6,75@7,25 ₩ bbl, the latter rate for choice.

GRAIN—There has been very little demand for Wheat. About 10,000 bus of common to fair red sold at from $2,40@2,60; 6000 bus of prime do at $2,65@2,70; 5000 bus of choice at $2,75@2,75, and small lots of California at $2,75 ₩ bus; 4000 bus of white sold in lots at from $2,90@3,10 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye—2000 bus sold at $1,05 for southern, and $1,72@1,75 for Penna. Corn—30,000 bus of prime yellow sold at $1,50@1,54; 6000 bus of western yellow at $1,51, and 40,000 bus of western mixed at $1,50 ₩ bus, and $1,47@1,49 for western mixed. Oats—32,000 bus sold in lots at from 66c up to 70c ₩ bus, the latter rate for choice bright.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing. Pork commands $24,50 for Mess; $23,50 for prime do, and $22,50 for prime. City packed Mess Beef sells at $28,50. Bacon; sales of Hams at 20@21c; Sides at 17½@18c, and Shoulders at 14½@15c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 17@18c, and Shoulders, in salt, at 15@15½c. Lard—Sales of tes and bbls at 14½@15c, and kegs at 16@16½c. Butter—Sales of old at 14@20c; new at 20@30c, and roll at 32@40c. Cheese—Sales at 15@17c. Eggs sell at 28@30c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market has been dull. About 700 bales of middlings sold, in lots, at from 18@19c for Uplands, and 19@20c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—80 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron sold at $65 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 41@41½c ₩ ℔.

COAL—The market continues dull. The cargo rates are $4,25@4,50 ₩ ton for White Ash, and $4,50 @4,75 for Red Ash.

FEATHERS—Western sell at 32@33c for fair and choice lots.

FRUIT—Dried Apples sell at 7½@8c. Dried Peaches; sales of quarters at 8½@9c, and halves at 10½@11c ₩ ℔. Dried Blackberries sell at 11½@12c. Pared Peaches range at from 14 to 24c ₩ ℔. Green Apples sell at from $4 to 7 ₩ bbl.

HOPS—Sales at from 50 to 70c for the crop of 1867, as to quality.

IRON—Foundry iron is in fair demand; sales of 600 tons of No 1 at $44; No 3 at $40@42, and $36 @38 for Forge. Scotch Pig is quoted at $43@45 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Sales of 500 bus Clover seed at $9@9,25 ₩ bus. Timothy—500 bus sold at $2,50@2,60. We quote Flaxseed at $2,55@2,60.

TALLOW—City rendered sells at 11½@12c, and country at 11½ ₩ ℔.

WOOL—There has been rather more doing. 319,000 lbs sold at 65@66 for double extra; 61@62c for extra; 56@58c for fine; 48@45 for medium; 38@40c for coarse; 42@46 for tub washed; 40@42c for extra Western pulled and 32@33c ₩ ℔ for No 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The prices realized from 14@15 cts ₩ ℔. 200 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 5@5½c ₩ ℔. 4000 Hogs sold at from $9,00 to 11,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

The Minerals in Our Bodies.

In the body of a man weighing 154 pounds, there are about 7½ pounds of mineral matter, consisting of phosphate of lime, 5 pounds 13 ounces; carbonate of lime, 1 pound; salt, 3 ounces 8.75 grains; peroxyde of iron, 150 grains; silica, 3 grains—making 7 pounds, 5 ounces and 49 grains, with minute quantities of potash, chlorine, and several other substances. The rest of the system is composed of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon; 111 pounds of the oxygen and hydrogen being combined in the form of water.

Though the quantity of some of these substances is very small, it is found absolutely essential to health that this small quantity should be supplied; hence the importance of a variety of food. If we furnish nature with all the material required, she will select such as the system needs, and always just in the proper quantities.

☞ FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—Horace Greeley, in a letter to a friend in England, says: "We shall have very hard work to ratify any Constitution that enfranchises the blacks. Had we (the New York Convention) extended the suffrage to women we should have been voted down by hundreds of thousands. It seems but fair to add that female suffrage seems to me to involve the overthrow of the family relation as it has hitherto existed. If the time shall ever come when Mr. Biggs shall be an active member of the Democratic, and Mrs. Biggs of the Republican County Committee in one of our excited political contests, I suspect that it will soon take two houses to hold them."

☞ Next summer will probably witness the publication of a work of great interest, the Memoirs of Talleyrand. On May 17th, the arch-diplomatist will have been dead thirty years, and the prohibition which he laid upon the publication of his papers will then expire.

THE JUBILATE:

BY L. O. EMERSON. JUST PUBLISHED.

IS THE BEST BOOK for choirs, schools, societies, conventions, practice, social singing, families and all singers. Suited to all denominations, occasions and capacities, in its exercises, glees, part-songs, &c., its anthems and sentences, its chants and selections and its great variety of hymn tunes. Price $1.38. Sent, post-paid.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Washington Street, Boston.

AGENTS WANTED.

THE COMPLETE HERBALIST; Or, THE PEOPLE THEIR OWN PHYSICIANS BY THE USE OF HERBAL REMEDIES, is the title of one of the best family medical books that has ever been offered to the public. The rapid sale of this book, and the large commission allowed, enables a good agent to make easily from $20 to $20 per day. Address for full particulars the author and publisher, Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J. oct 26-2t

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—Franklin.

WHY will people pay $50 or $100 for a Sewing Machine, when $15 will buy a *better one* for all PRACTICAL purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "MEDALLION" Machines can be had in any quantity. This machine is a double thread, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excel ALL others, as thousands of patrons will testify.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.—Machines sent to agents on trial, and *given away* to families who are needy and deserving. Address J. C. OTTIS & CO., Boston, Mass. my18-6m

TEN DOLLARS.

$10. SEWING MACHINE. $10.

$25 to $50 A DAY TO AGENTS.

PATENTED 1865. *Territorial rights given free to good Agents.* It is the largest, best, and strongest cheap machine sold. It makes a seam which will not rip, THOUGH EVERY THIRD STITCH BE CUT. No family should be without one. The only $10 Sewing Machine sold that will sew heavy beaver cloth. Sent free by express on receipt of price, $10, packed in a wooden box with 1 spool machine silk, 1 silver hemmer, 1 screw-driver, and 1 brass gauge. Agents wanted everywhere.

EMPRESS SEWING MACHINE CO., oct19-4t 920 Broadway, New York.

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, also, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.

Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address.

nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

PRINCE & COS. AUTOMATIC ORGANS AND MELODEONS. Forty thousand are now in use BUFFALO N.Y. CHICAGO ILL.

aug24-6m

250 VALUABLE RECEIPTS, BEAUtiful arts, ways to make money, new discoveries, choice secrets, &c., sent free for 5 cents. Address HARRISON & CO., oct26-3m Vernon, New Jersey.

WANTED—Salesman to Travel and sell Goods by sample. Good wages and steady employment. Address, with stamp, HAMILTON, PERRY & CO., oct5-3m Cleveland, Ohio.

EMPLOYMENT!—$10 A DAY AND EXPENSES PAID. Circulars *free*. O. T. GAREY, Biddeford, Me. oct26-3m

$100 A MONTH SALARY will be paid Agents, male or female, in a new, pleasant, permanent business; full particulars *free* by return mail, or sample retailing at $1.50 for 50 cents. A. D. BOWMAN & CO., 48 Broad Street, New York. [Clip out and return this notice.] oct14-2m

GOLD! GOLD!—My GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face or hair on the baldest head in every case in 21 days, thick and heavy or money refunded. Sent by mail for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1, postage paid. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

WANAMAKER AND BROWN, CLOTHING, 6th & Market Sts., PHILADELPHIA.

OAK HALL

NOTE.—This is the largest Clothing House in the city, and so well organized, that it has no superior in the United States. Reasonable Prices, First Class Workmanship, and Reliability, are the features of the house. Orders by mail have special care. Samples sent when desired. oct19-3m

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE AND FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

BY A REPUBLICAN (not a "Radical.")

This is a time-containing 118 pages, and is devoted to a calm and moderate discussion of the Suffrage Question—the author contending that the Suffrage should be Qualified, and not Unqualified and Universal.

Reasons are given against Universal Negro Suffrage, and also against Female Suffrage.

This work (published in June) was written before the Connecticut election of last Spring—and in it the writer gives the following

WARNING TO THE PARTY OF PROGRESS.

"In every great movement, as History warns us, it is all-important that the party of Progress should know *where to stop*. Generally, misled by zealots, they will not pause at the proper period, and thus create a Reaction, whose waves in turn sweep away not only the proofs of their folly, but much which has really been gained for the great cause of human improvement. A safe rule in such cases would seem to be, that the reformatory party should pause *when the result which they had originally aimed at was attained*.

"The Anti-slavery movement has effected its contemplated end; and the work planned in the days of sober reason being accomplished, it is now plunging into madness and folly. I warn the friends of the Negro, and the negroes themselves, against the inevitable reaction which they are provoking. If they fall into the spirit of the Jacobins, and yield themselves to wild theories of the natural rights of man, and wild notions of vengeance against the Southern rebels, they will experience the fate of the Jacobins, *and go down amid the fierce surges of a popular reaction*. If they act, however, like moderate and sensible men, who are able to understand that there are other people in this country than negroes, and other interests than those relating to the freedmen, it will be well for the negroes themselves, for the Republican party, and for the country."

The Author wishes the above (and the work itself) to be read and pondered by all thoughtful men, in the light of the recent elections. Is not his Prediction coming true?

The work will be forwarded by mail (postage prepaid) on the receipt of the price, 50 cents, by the publishers, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., sp13-tf No. 715 Market St., Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED.

The Book for the Million, "THE BOYS IN BLUE; or, HEROES OF THE RANK AND FILE." By Mrs. A. H. HOGE, of the United States Sanitary Commission—*the Florence Nightingale of America*—comprising a thrilling record of a woman's three years' experience in Camp, Hospital and Battle Field, in her philanthropic mission of alleviating the sufferings of the Grand Army of the Republic. It is not a History of the War, or of any Campaign or General, but a full and gallant record of the sacrifice and sufferings of the Rank and File, who by their heroism conquered for us a glorious and honorable peace.

E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers, oct26-3t 654 Broadway, N. Y.

PENNINGTON INSTITUTE.—23d year began August 29th. Terms reasonable. For Catalogues, address A. P. LASHER, Pennington, N. J. aug30-3m

ATTENTION!—MANUFACTURERS AND ALL WANTING FARMS!—Cheap Farms and Fruit Lands, Village lots, Water Powers for manufacturing, for sale at Bricksburg, Ocean Co., New Jersey, 44 miles from New York, on railroad to Philadelphia.

Soil fine loam, superior for all crops. Country just rolling enough for beauty and utility. Climate mild and proverbially healthy. Water soft and pure. No fever and ague. Sold only to actual settlers, on easy terms. Price per acre $25 and upward. For circulars and maps, address ROBT. CAMPBELL, President, No. 153 Broadway, New York. V. S. HOLT, Agent, Bricksburg. oct12-4t

A BOOK AGENT wanted in every town. Send stamp for catalogue or $1 for sample book to CHARLES BRANCHES, oct19-4t 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, *mailed* for 50 Cents. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. F. BOWEN, de17-tf Box 2190, Boston, Mass.

$3000, $1. AGENTS Wanted. $10 made from $1. Call and examine an invention needed by everybody. No experience necessary. Business light. Situation permanent—employment immediate. C. L. VAN ALLEN, 48 New Street, New York. oct12-2m

WHISKERS.—DR. LAMOTTE'S CORNELIA will force Whiskers on the smoothest face, or Hair on Bald Heads. Never known to fail. Sample sent for 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. jy6-1y

WHISKERS!—A heavy Beard is warranted in five weeks by using Russell's Italian Compound. Sent closely sealed from curious eyes for 50 cents. RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. oct19-6m

(Established 1861.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN Tea Company

HAVE JUST RECEIVED TWO FULL CARGOES OF THE FINEST NEW CROP TEAS,

92,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State*,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Shotton*.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.

Second: The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

Third: The Importer makes a profit of 20 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

Fourth: On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Sixth: The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

Seventh: The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

Eighth: The Retailer sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in the city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, as also in the Club Order published below, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the same upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the CLUB. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $25.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 20 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 75c., 85c., 100., best $1 ₩ ℔.
MIXED (Green and Black), 75c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ ℔.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 90c., 95c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ ℔.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ ℔.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 85c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ ℔.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 95c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ ℔.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₩ ℔.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 20c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET,
Post-Office Box, 5643 New York City.

CLUB ORDER.

Edwards, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.,
June 3, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS:—I herewith send you another order for Tea. The last was duly received, and gives general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Tea, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. As to the other three that the subscribers were solicited, you will observe that I send you the names of all those that sent before who were near out of Tea. With a large addition of new subscribers. Accept my thanks of the complimentary package. Ship this as the other, and oblige, Your ob't servant,

DAVID C. McKEE.

4 lbs.	Japan	J. Havens	at $1 25	$5 00
6 do	do	do	at 1 00	3 00
1 do	Gunpowder	do	at 1 50	1 50
1 do	Japan	S. Curtis	at 1 25	1 25
2 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 00	2 00
1 do	Japan	N. Shaw	at 1 00	1 00
1 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 10	1 00
3 do	do	R. McCarren	at 1 25	3 75
2 do	Green	do	at 1 25	2 50
4 do	do	Wm. Barnsford	at 1 25	5 00
1 do	Gunpowder	A. H. Perkins	at 1 50	1 50
and 10 others—total				$41 05

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third outside the Express charges, by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are base imitations. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.,
NEW YORK.
Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

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DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

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The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER TIME, TAKING EFFECT OCT. 13th, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the Market Street Cars, the last car connecting with each train leaving Front and Market Streets thirty minutes before its departure. The Chestnut and Walnut Street cars run within one square of the Depot.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 25 minutes before the departure of each train.

SLEEPING CAR TICKETS can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, and at the Depot.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street or No. 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8.00	A.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	12.00	M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	2.20	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.00	"
WESTERN ACCOM. TRAIN	3.45	"
ERIE MAIL	11.15	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	8.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	8.00	"
ACCOMMODATION	12.00	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent 137 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.10	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
ERIE MAIL	9.05	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.20	"
FAST LINE	3.05	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.40	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	1.10	P.M.
ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	8.50	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	7.10	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	9.50	"

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

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TRUE, BUT STRANGE.—Any person sending us their address, with 50 cents, will receive, by mail, the Name and a Carte de Visite of their future Wife or Husband. REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. oct26-3m

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Valuable Receipts.

To remove freckles, cut them out with a razor and throw them away. They will never return.

To bring out a moustache, tie to it a strong cord, twenty feet long, to the other end of which attach a heavy smoothing-iron, and throw the latter from a fourth-story window.

To procure a fair complexion, go to sea in a crazy old boat, and the first gale you get into your face will become white.

To get rid of red hair, hold your head for a few minutes in a strong blaze of gas.

To preserve your eyes, put them in a bottle filled with alcohol.

To avoid corpulence, quit eating.

To conceal bad teeth, keep your mouth shut.

To keep out of debt, acquire the reputation of a rascal, and no one will trust you.

To keep your name up, write it frequently on the dome of the Capitol, the State-house steeple, and other high places.

To become a competent book-keeper, borrow all the books you can and never return them.

To "raise the stamps," say a funny thing on the stage.

To keep your doors from being broken open by burglars, don't close them.

To keep out of a fight, stay by yourself.

To gain time, steal a watch.

To keep from stuttering, don't talk.

Giving It Up.

Some twenty-five years ago, when the temperance excitement was a new thing, Mr. Sargent repeatedly remonstrated with a deacon of Norfolk county who was engaged in the profitable business of distilling. After one prolonged interview, in which Mr. Sargent exhorted him to ponder well the deep significance of his purely spiritual office, and its utter irreconcilableness with dealing in so different a class of spirits, he agreed to give the subject serious consideration, and, inviting Mr. S. to renew his call in a few days, promised to then acquaint him with the result of his reflections. A week or ten days elapsed, and "Sigma" was again seen driving towards the deacon's residence. No formal announcement, however, was needed, for the proprietor, who had espied the approach of his visitor, rushed to the door with a most enthusiastic welcome. The greeting was mutually cordial, but tame in comparison with Mr. Sargent's congratulations, when, availing himself of the earliest moment, the deacon exclaimed: "Well, colonel, I have concluded to give it up." A fond and hearty embrace was the first response to the cheering intelligence, followed by such a rapid succession of encomiums as for a considerable time frustrated the deacon's attempt to speak. He finally ejaculated: "I fear you don't understand me, colonel; I mean that I have concluded to give up my place in the church."

A Tell-Tale Horse.

Mr. Jones, who intended taking his wife out for a drive one day, asked his milkman (who possessed a very spirited horse) for the loan of the animal; which request was granted. However, Mr. Jones was not a good driver, and had great difficulty in managing the horse; which at last became ungovernable, and, to the great horror of Mrs. Jones, bolted with them. Mr. Jones did not know what to do, and a serious accident seemed unavoidable, when all of a sudden Mr. Jones, remembering the service for which the horse was used, and calling out with a stentorian voice—"Milk oh! milk oh!" the horse stopped instantly, to their great joy, at this familiar cry, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones got home safely, without any further incident, save that when they returned home in the evening, on passing a pump in the neighborhood, the horse would not stir an inch, until Mr. Jones got down and worked the pump-handle a dozen times: after which operation it moved on directly; and to finish off the day's pleasure, it stopped at all the customers of the milkman, in the road where Mr. Jones lives, his house being at the further end.

Typical Trees.

For Gouty People	The Ache corn.
" Antiquarians	The Date.
" Schoolboys	The Birch.
" Irishmen	The Och!
" Conjurors	The Palm.
" Negroes	See dah!
" Young Ladies	The Man go.
" Farmers	The Plant in.
" Fashionable Young Women	A set of Firs.
" Dandies	The Spruce.
" Actors	The Pop'lar.
" Physicians	Sycamore.
" Your wife	Her Will o.
" Lovers	The Sight ress.
" The Disconsolate	The Pine.
" Engaged People	The Pear.
" Sewing Machine Operators	Hem-lock.
" Boarding-House keepers	'Ash.
Always on hand	The Papaw.
Who this is written for	Yew.

Soldier Wit.

We have read many amusing specimens of soldier wit during the late war; but as good as we have seen was the reply of a Virginia cavalryman to a North Carolina infantryman. It was on the march toward Adairsville, in November, '63, a cold, bright morning, while the troops were lying along the road waiting for obstacles to be removed in front. A fellow came jogging down the line on an old flea-bitten frame of a horse, and as he passed a chap greeted him with—

"I say, mister, you are mighty like a brother of mine the hogs eat up."

The cavalryman did not relax a muscle, but gazing "tar heel" straight in the face, replied—

"Well, my friend, 'tis a monstrous pity they hadn't finished the family while they *war a eatin'*," and moved on amidst shouts of laughter.

☞ The reason Chinamen are so anxious about the safety of their cue or "pig tail," is that its loss is a sign of criminal punishment in their own country.

PEDESTRIAN.—"How far is it to Harrisburg, boy?"

BOY.—"Why 'bout twenty 'underd thousan' mile 'f y' goo 's y'are agoin' now, an' 'bout half a mile 'f you turn right reaound an' goo t' other way!!"

PRESERVING A WHALE.—A short time ago a whale was stranded on the Norfolk coast, and purchased as a speculation by a sharp practitioner, who advertised for information how to preserve it. A Sunderland wag replied to the advertisement, tendering the desired information on receipt of half a crown's worth of postage stamps, which arrived, and the following recipe was duly forwarded:—"Put the whale carefully into a glass bottle; cover it over with spirits of wine (strong whiskey may do); then cork and seal up." The postage stamps were handed over to a charitable institution.

AGRICULTURAL.

How Fowls and Birds Grind Their Food.

Fowls have no teeth to grind or masticate their food with, and the best they are able to do with it at first, is to pick it to pieces and swallow it whole. Kernels of grain are swallowed *whole* by them, and as they are surrounded with a tough pellicle or *skin*, which the juices of the stomachs of animals will not readily dissolve or digest, they could obtain no nourishment at all from grain, if this tough pellicle were not broken.

Let horses, cattle or people swallow kernels of grain, or ripe seeds of fruit, *whole*, and they will pass off in the ordure unbroken, and most of them will not lose their vitality, in consequence of such a process, and such grain would afford no more *nourishment* than so many smooth gravel stones.

Now, if we dissect the gizzard of a fowl of any kind, we find a lot of small gravel stones, which are usually the hardest kind of flint, granite or sand-stone. Surely here is a pocket edition of Farm Grist Mills. The *mystery* is, where do fowls find such little flint-like stones, when their abode is on farms, the soil of which is a complete mold or muck, destitute of gravel, or when they are confined in close quarters for month after month, during winter, for example, or in a grass yard in warm weather, these little gravel stones are *very important articles* with fowls—quite as important as the teeth of ruminating animals.

Fowls swallow their food, broken or not, and it enters the crop or first stomach, and remains in it until it has become softened, more or less, when a small quantity at a time, just as grain runs in a grist mill, is forced into the gizzard, among the gravel stones. This gizzard is a strong muscular stomach, and plays night and day, when there is a grist to grind, similar to a bellows, contracting and expanding, thus forcing the gravel stones into the grain, and breaking it to fragments, and triturating the whole mass; after which it is in a suitable condition to be quickly digested. Of course, these little stones will become *very dull*, after having been in operation for a month or two, and the gizzard like an economical miller, throws them out of doors, and demands a better set; and if they are not furnished of course the grist is not half ground, and of course more than twice as much food is necessary to sustain life, and form eggs, as would be required were it well ground; and of course the eggs of fowls would cost double in this case that they would in another with the same food. This suggests the importance of supplying fowls and birds in cages with plenty of sharp gravel stones, and of having their food bruised or ground fine before they eat it; and it suggests

The Importance of Allowing Fowls to Feed Themselves.

When fowls have access to grain all the time, we see them eat in the morning only a few kernels at a time, and after an hour or so, they will take a few kernels more, and thus they pass the entire day by eating a little at a time, and very often.

The philosophy of their eating so frequently and but little at a time, is the food has a sufficient time to become softened in the crop before it passes into the gizzard, and it has sufficient time to be thoroughly ground and digested; whereas, when fowls are not allowed to have access to their food, but are fed once or twice a day, they become very hungry, and swallow as much as their crops will hold at one feeding. Now for several hours, no food will be softened sufficiently to pass into the gizzard, consequently their grist mill must stand idle. Now the moistened grain swells and distends the crop of the fowl, and it feels by no means comfortable. Shortly all the food in the crop is in the proper condition to be ground, and the result is, that it is forced through the gizzard with so much rapidity that it is not half ground, and, therefore, cannot be half-digested; and if it is not half digested, of course not half the nutriment, or egg-producing material can be extracted from it. Nor is this the greatest drawback attending feeding fowls only once or twice a day. When a fowl fills its crop at one feeding, before the food can possibly get out of it, it begins to heat up, and derangement and ill-digestion follow, very much as is the case when we fill our stomachs as full as they can be crammed.

The way to feed fowls, and particularly those that are laying, or being fattened, is to allow them to have free access to food at all times. In this way they can always supply the demands of their stomachs and grinding apparatus, exactly as food is needed; and they will fatten more rapidly, or lay more eggs, and consume much less food than they will if they are fed as much as they will eat twice a day.

My practice now is, and always has been, to allow my fowls to have free access to corn *in the ear all the time, both summer and* winter. Of course they are obliged to shell it for themselves. Occasionally we feed them screenings, and when we have no screenings, we take a peck or so of wheat, and as much buckwheat, oats, barley, or rye, and mingle them all together, and mix the grain with some chaff, so that they will not be as liable to consume as much of it at once as if it were clear grain. When we have an abundance of milk, we place a vessel containing it where they can find it at any time. In warm weather, after it has become loppered, they will consume, during the day, much more of it than one would suppose; and milk is as good to fatten poultry and make chickens grow, as it is for pigs; and it is one of the very best kinds of food for any kind of poultry, when they are laying.—*S. Edwards Todd, in Country Gentleman.*

Manuring Grape Vines.

Within the past ten years we have had numerous new books on "Grape Culture," each one generally recommending some special manure for different kinds of grapes. The majority tell us to use guano, poudrette, or superphosphate; others rely on a generous supply of barn-yard manure, dead animals, and other highly concentrated fertilizers. We know that grape vines are liberal feeders, and require an annual dressing of some kind. We also believe in frequent applications, but not in the large quantity that is often applied. Fruit is often injured in flavor by too much manure.

We have experimented with nearly all of the natural and manufactured fertilizers, and have received more benefit from ground bone, than anything else. This does not act so quickly as guano, but is far better and more lasting. It seems to be a natural stimulant for the vine, giving it healthy food and not affecting the flavor of the fruit. We apply a small dressing of bone, on the surface, two or three times through the season, hoeing it in. We also keep the soil about the vines open and mellow, frequently stirring it with the rake or hoe. With this treatment, with proper training and pruning, we find no difficulty in obtaining generous crops of fruit on the out-door varieties of grapes.

Salt as a Fertilizer.

On any land not on the sea shore, salt is sure to pay, if sown after ploughing at the rate of two bushels an acre. Like most manures, it is better for some crops than for others. If not wanted for the first crop, it is not lost, but will remain in the soil and benefit the after crops. John Johnson, a leading and very intelligent practical farmer of Geneva, N. Y., says he has obtained an increased production of wheat, of six bushels an acre, by sowing on the land, previous to putting in the seed, one barrel of salt to the acre. This is probably owing to its stiffening the straw so as to prevent lodging, mainly but not wholly; for salt contains one or two of the elements of wheat, and may therefore be considered in some small degree a feeder of the wheat plant. It could not be expected to favor all crops, equally with Mr. Johnson's experience with it on wheat. But as it remains in the soil till taken up by growing plants, it is certain to pay its cost with interest, in a succession of crops. It is not necessary that it should be pure, clean salt, nor that the price of such should be paid.—*Working Farmer.*

OLD COWS—WHEN TO KILL.—It is a question, among farmers, as to what age cows can be properly used for dairy purposes, and when it is best to dispose of them on account of age. This will depend somewhat on the breed of the animals, and the usage they have received. As a general rule, when a cow has entered her teens she has approximated closely the limit of her usefulness in the dairy line. A good farmer once remarked that a cow was never worn out so long as there was room on her horns for a new wrinkle!

THE RIDDLER.

Metagrams: A New Kind of Riddle.

The grams, as numerous and as varied as the 'ologies, differ like them in their degree of attractiveness.

Epigrams make us smile or wince, according as they are pointed at others or ourselves. Monograms are more amusing for the gentleman who makes them than for the lady who has to make them out. Anagrams are an excellent expedient for twisting your brains into a ruffled skein; while telegrams often illustrate the sayings that no news is good news, and that bad news travels fast. We may assume, I think, that they (namely, telegrams,) bring with them more sorrow than mirth, upon the whole. For one telegram announcing that you have come into a fortune, or pressing to join a pleasant picnic coming off without fail at the rendezvous to-morrow, you will have a dozen summoning you to a parent's death-bed, acquainting you that your favorite child has caught the measles, or warning you that your banker is on the verge of ruin. Unless you know beforehand what it is likely to contain, the very sight of a telegram is enough to make you tremble.

We therefore welcome a new sort of 'gram which will often please and never pain. It belongs to the same branch of harmless amusement as enigmas, conundrums, and charades. Its name, metagram, is derived from two Greek works, signifying a "change of letters." It is on this change that the whole thing turns. The mode of doing it is best explained by an example.

Take a word, ROBE, for instance. You describe a robe as you would in a charade or enigma. You then suppose it converted into another word by changing one of its letters. Thus, change the third letter, B, into S, and you obtain a new word, ROSE, which has also to be enigmatically indicated to the guesser.

Again: suppose we take DAME, in which we fix upon the first letter as the one to be changed. Substitute G for D, and it gives you GAME, which is open to quite a different set of descriptive details. By using S instead of G, you obtain another word, with another set of ideas attached to it, although it is SAME: F replacing S, rewards you with FAME, on which you may exercise your rhymester's eloquence.

It is understood that, it every case, there is no suppression nor addition, but only a change, of letters. Moreover, the letter substituted must always occupy the place of the letter removed. The metagram, therefore, gives you a word to guess by indicating, under the name of "feet," the number of letters of which it is composed. It then tells you which letter of this word is to be changed in order to form another word, at the same time adding a description of the thing signified by the new-made word. Of course a certain vagueness and ambiguity in the terms employed enhances the pleasure of guessing a metagram, as it does with an enigma and a charade.

So now, fair readers, let us go to work. Only put on your best guessing caps, and the metagram will reveal its mysteries to your bright intelligence, as the rosebud opens in the sunshine. Their solution is not so hard as determining beforehand what new female appendage is to succeed to chignons.

I present you with no more than half a dozen metagrams for trial. If you like them, it will be easy to produce a few more out of my treasury.

I.

An insect of the wing I be,
Although my feet are only three.
—My third foot changed, I then have four,
Which, standing still from hour to hour,
Await your pleasure and your pain
With equal patience.—Change again;
The chances are that, out of me,
Reverse of fortune you may see.—
First I have much to do with honey;
Next, with night-work; last, with money.

II.

My feet are four, on which I firmly stand,
Confronting ocean, to protect the land;
And yet beneath the waves I often lie,
The unsuspecting ship's worst enemy.
Without my aid the lofty mountain chain
Would melt and crumble to the level plain.
—Change but my first foot, and you give me two,
On which I strut and sing my "Doodle-doo!"
A feathered biped, typical of France,
Except in never having learnt to dance,
Gallic I am, and British too, I trow,
Whenever Britain wants to pluck a crow;
A gallant bird; and if too loud a boaster,
I make amends as rooster or as roaster.

III.

On six feet, I am a noxious drink,
Of whose effects you shudder to think.
—Change only my second foot, and then
You convert me into the horrible den
Where the culprit, who gave the noxious drink,
Awaits the fate of which you shudder to think.

IV.

With four feet I swim in waters clear,
A fish, to cooks and gourmands dear;
With four feet, in waters still I dwell,
How many years no man can tell.
—My first foot changed, the Emerald Isle
Accepts my music with a smile.
With equal welcome heard am I
In the Welsh vales, midst mountains high.
But whether fish, air, or instrument of music,
I hope, sir, I never shall make *you* sick.

V.

On my four feet I oft sustain you;
—The first changed, I can still maintain you.
—Again changed, I'm a source of wonder;
'Tis me, if you can silence thunder,
Or turn the tide, or jump over the moon,
Or empty the Caspian Sea with a spoon.
First I am wood, or iron, or stone;
Next, I am flesh, with fat and bone.
Lastly, I am, my worthy good man,
What you *can't* do, rather than what you can.

VI.

Concluding specimen, or bonquet; the simplest possible of metagrams, in free verse.

On four feet, whether I run, or jump, or walk, or creep,
I am only a fool;
—Change my first; if I saw, or cut, or brush, or sweep,
I am still but a tool:
—Change again; if you wish to make your sweetheart weep,
And are such a silly elf,
As to drown yourself;
Very well; I am a pool.

This time, being in a generous frame of mind, I will whisper the solutions in your ear at once, instead of making you wait till next month for them. Only stoop low, and listen attentively, in order that your neighbor may not overhear them. They are

I. Bee, Bed, Bet.
II. Rock, Cock.
III. Poison, Prison.
IV. Carp, Harp,
V. Seat, Meat, Feat.
VI. Fool, Tool, Pool.

Conundrums.

☞ What State is high in the middle and round at both ends? Ans.—O-hi-o.

☞ What roof covers the most noisy tenant? Ans.—The roof of the mouth.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—Raid.

RECEIPTS.

HOW TO COOK PARTRIDGES.—In making partridges ready for roasting, leave the heads on, and turn them under the left wings; cut off the tops of the toes, but do not remove the legs; before a proper fire, twenty minutes' roasting will be ample for young partridges. After being shot, these birds should not be kept longer than from two days to a week. The plumage is occasionally allowed to remain upon the heads of the red partridges, in which case the heads require to be wrapped in paper.

TO ROAST PARTRIDGES.—Rightly, to look well, there should be a leash (three birds) in the dish; pluck, singe, draw, and truss them; roast them for about twenty minutes; baste them with butter, and when the gravy begins to run from them you may safely assume that the partridges are done; place them in a dish, together with bread crumbs, fried nicely brown, and arranged in small heaps. Gravy should be served in a tureen apart.

PERDREAU A LA BROCHE.—In the French way of roasting partridges, they are generally first larded, then covered over with slices of lemon divested of rind and pips; afterwards envelope the birds with slices of bacon fat, and then wrap them in buttered paper; roast them for nearly three quarters of an hour, and serve them with a clear gravy poured over them in the dish. Citron juice should be added when at command.

TO FRY PARTRIDGES.—Take a brace of cold partridges that have been either roasted or braised; cut them into quarters; dip them into beaten and seasoned yolk of eggs; make some butter or friture perfectly hot in a frying-pan; put into it the birds, and do them over a moderately hot fire until they are beautifully browned.

TOMATO WINE.—Take small ripe tomatoes, pick up the stems, put them in a basket or tub, wash clean, then mash well and strain through a linen (a bushel will make five gallons pure); then add two and a half to three pounds of good brown sugar to each gallon, then put it into a cask and let it ferment as for raspberry wine. If two gallons of water be added to each bushel of tomatoes the wine will be as good.

PICKLES FOR WINTER.—Each day gather the cucumbers that are ready. Put a layer on the bottom of a strong barrel, then a layer of salt, sprinkling over this a little pounded alum. After the season is passed, lay over them a clean cloth and two sticks crossways, and a stone to keep them under the brine. Will keep any length of time.

QUINCES PRESERVED WHOLE.—Pare and put them into a saucepan, with the parings at the top; then fill it with hard water; cover it close; set it over a gentle fire till they turn reddish; let them stand till cold; put them into a clear, thick syrup; boil them for a few minutes; set them on one side till quite cold; boil them again in the same manner; the next day boil them until they look clear; if the syrup is not thick enough, boil it more; when cold, put brandied paper over them. The quinces may be halved or quartered.

BUNNS.—Take one pound and a quarter of flour, half a pound of butter, a pint of milk, brandy, rose-water, and spice to your taste, and a wineglassful of yeast, and mix well together and set them to rise. When light, add an eighth of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of flour, and let them rise again before you bake them.

SPANISH BUNNS.—Stir three-quarters of a pound of butter into seven wine-glassfuls of *warm* milk (not *hot*), add a pound and a half of flour, nine eggs, three wine-glassfuls of yeast, and one nutmeg. Let it stand two hours, and then add a pound and a half of sugar.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—Boil the potatoes, skin and slice them, and put into a deep dish with a few sliced apples. Fill the dish with apples and potatoes, and pour over some wine, sugar, butter, nutmeg, and a little water. Bake with a crust.

TO PRESERVE BUTTER FOR WINTER.—Take two ounces of saltpetre to every gallon of water. Make a strong brine of salt and boil until it is clear as water and strong enough to bear an egg. Work the butter well, and make up into balls of two or three pounds each, and pour the brine over and cover well. It will keep for months.

☞ A good name *will* wear out; a bad name may be turned; but a nickname will last forever.